



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LORD OF HIMSELF







*At Every Library.*

THE FIFTH EDITION  
OF  
**PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.**

BY  
**GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,**

With **400** Illustrations by the first French artists, including  
many by the lamented CHAM.

---

**2 Vols., demy, handsomely bound, 25s.**

---

**REMINGTON & CO., 133, NEW BOND STREET, W.**

**OF EVERY BOOKSELLER.**

# LORD OF HIMSELF:

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL TENNISON

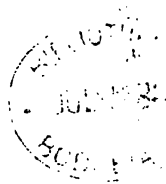
LONDON: J. M. LUTON, AND CO.

11, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Reprinted from the *Illustrated London News*

1882

Printed by W. G. & Co. Ltd., London



251. f. 735.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE EAST ASIAN LIBRARY

# LORD OF HIMSELF.

A Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

*Author of "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences," "Celebrities I have Known," "Fashion Then and Now," &c., &c.*

"Lord of himself; that heritage of woe."

BYRON.

VOL. I.



London:

REMINGTON AND CO.,

133, NEW BOND STREET, W.

[Removed from 5, Arundel Street, Strand.]

1880.

[All Rights Reserved.]

251. f. 735.







# LORD OF HIMSELF.

---


## CHAPTER I.

Si l'uniforme militaire  
Souvit plus a votre raison,  
Allez goûter sur la frontière  
Les douceurs de la garnison  
Mon cher ami, faites vous donc soldat.

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

THE gallant 90th Hussars, one of the crack cavalry corps, were stationed at the Preston Barracks, Brighton, at the period this history commences. The devotion of the officers to the fair sex during the piping times of peace was as great as their prowess in the field when the blood-stained banner of war was unfurled. Hence their sobriquet of "Les Crève-Cœurs." When their allegiance to Mars, the god of battles, was

changed to that of Venus, the goddess of love, it is hardly necessary to say that, at least, all the youngsters became *les enfans chérie des dames*. Among the cornets was the hero of this tale, a good-looking young man, and heir to a coronet in an adjoining county, and who was very naturally sought after by scheming, match-making mothers. Francis Hovingham, usually called Frank, greatly preferred roving "free and unfettered through the wilds of love" to binding himself in the chains of matrimony, and his friends gave out that he was not a marrying man. Some years ago an ill-natured scribbler got up a story which spread like wild-fire that "the 10th did not dance;" whether that was true of those "elegant extracts," as they were called, I know not, but assuredly it was not the case with the Crève-Cœurs, who not only gave an annual ball in every town in which they were quartered, but got up many small dances in their mess-room. The ball-room is said to be the paradise of young ladies, the purgatory



of elder chaperons, and the pandemonium of every paterfamilias; whether such is really the case I must leave to others to decide. Suffice it to say that the invitations to "an early party-dancing" of the 90th Hussars were eagerly sought after by the *élite* of Brighton visitors. The excitement of all the young ladies was greatly increased, when a rumour was spread abroad that a grand fancy-dress ball was to be given by the Crève-Cœurs at the Royal Pavilion. Then commenced that system of cringing, bowing, and begging for tickets for the forthcoming *fête*, which is so lowering to those who are mean enough to adopt it, and which is yet a prominent characteristic of modern society.

There is not a more delightful spot on the south coast than the terrace of the Brighton Aquarium. One fine, brilliant day in October, the sun shining resplendent in glory, the sea scarcely ruffled by the light breeze that blew from the west, a party of young men were sitting in front of the pavilion watching the

skaters on the highly polished asphalte pavement, smoking cigars, taking their coffee, and indulging in what is termed "small talk." Their theme, for they were officers, as will readily be believed, was about "shop"—what the colonel of "ours" said at morning parade—horses, balls, concerts and women.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and there was a goodly gathering of the gentler sex :—

To sweep  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways  
In circles poise—swift as the winds along.

"Who is that devilish pretty girl—(surely 'angelic' would be a more appropriate term)—that Hovingham was spooning yesterday on the West Pier?" asked a young cornet, Fawley by name.


"Oh," replied the other, Captain Brandon, "she's a Miss Margaret Charleville, second daughter of the Reverend John Charleville, one of those clerical coves who denounce the ball-room and theatre as the temples of Satan."

"That's unlucky," renewed the cornet, "for Frank Hovingham was at the colonel this morning for invitations for the parson, his wife, and two eldest daughters."

"Hovingham's not much in the lady line," continued Brandon. "I wish he was. Pretty milliners' apprentices, and blooming barmaids are the objects of his devotions. By-the-way, he got a good wiggling yesterday from the colonel for driving that notorious London traviata on his drag to the races."

"You ought to keep your sub. in better order," said Fawley; "that frail, fair one is apt to indulge too much in champagne, and after lunch she was not 'a very dainty dish to set before' an assemblage of modest women."

"Well, Frank is a good fellow," replied Brandon, "a tolerable smart officer, and I do my best to keep him from kicking over the traces, but with his wealth and prospects he is a difficult one to manage, and would send in his papers if I drew the string too tight."



"Here he is to answer for himself," exclaimed Fawley. "Why, what is the matter, you look as if:—

The whimpled, whining, purblind wayward boy,  
The senior, junior, giant, dwarf, "Don Cupid"  
Had got hold of you "

"Only fancy," replied Frank. "When I told Mr. Charleville that I had, with some difficulty, procured tickets for him, his wife, and two of his daughters, he pulled a long face, thanked me courteously, saying his people never went to balls."

"What an old bigot," said Fawley. "Low Church, and no mistake."

"You recollect," chimed in Brandon, "the story of Wilberforce, whose sobriquet, 'Soapy Sam' was so far appropriate, inasmuch as whenever he got into hot water he came cleanly out of it."

"Let's have the story."

"Well, upon one occasion he had to reprimand a hunting parson for following the hounds. 'But,' said the clerical Nimrod, 'I never rode to the hounds. I was only in

the next field, and I did hear that your right reverend self attended a county ball. 'If I did,' replied the bishop, 'I never went into the dancing-room.' "

"Then," said Frank, "I tried it on with the mother, who seemed less frigid and less rigid; but it was quite clear that in this instance the grey mare was not the better horse, for she thanked me cordially, and expressed a hope to be able to attend in the pavilion when the band next played; as for the girls they looked the picture of despair."

"And, so Frank you are in love," proceeded Brandon, "Sighing miserably, and not content to be ankle deep, you have plunged in over head and ears."

"I am pretty much in that condition, indeed."

"Nay, never blush at it; when I was of your age I was ashamed too. Heigh, ho."

"Why, what on earth's come over you?" chimed in Fawley. "Never say die, old fellow. Is this a case of love at first sight?"

"I met Miss Charleville," responded Frank,



“last week at the fancy bazaar, and was introduced to her; I again sat by her side at dinner at old Lady West’s, and as it was a fine moonlight night, I escorted the young ladies home.”

“Moonlight: a case of ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ Arise fair sun and kill the envious—ha, ha, how often have you seen this lovely Capulet?”

“I met her again yesterday on the West Pier. But, as yet, I have not had a *tête-à-tête* with her. I’m in despair, for I rather fancy that good-looking curate who is always hovering about her is making up to her.”

“In that case, all you have to do is to find out an apothecary, and play the tombstone scene.”

“I say old fellow,” continued Fawley, who prided himself upon his knowledge of the English poets, “remember what Crabbe says, and he knew a thing or two”:—

Disposed to wed, e’en while you hasten, stay;  
There’s great advantage in a small delay;  
Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve  
The prudent maxim of the priest of Love;

If poor, delay for future want prepares,  
And eases humble life of half its cares;  
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind  
T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find;  
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,  
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart;  
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove,  
And gladly raise the veil that's worn by Love.

“I fear I may add :

By no such rule will *Hovingham* be tried  
First in the year he'll lead a blooming bride.”

“You see I have taken a liberty with the author of ‘Our Village’; but joking apart, make a waiting race of it, and bear in mind the old proverb : ‘Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.’ ”

“Who’s for the barracks?” asked Brandon.  
“Johnstone said he’d call for us in his drag at five o’clock, and I fancy it has just struck that hour.”

Barrack life in early days is very enjoyable to those just emancipated from school or college, more especially when harmony prevails throughout the corps; and the commanding officer, disciplinarian as he may be on duty, does all he can to promote the

amusements of those under him when off duty.

Such was the case in the Hussar regiment of which I am writing. Colonel Daintrey prided himself upon having his regiment an example to the rest of the army, both as regards drill, prowess in the field, and good conduct in quarters. He, however, never harassed the officers or men with useless duties, and was the first to encourage the former in every manly sport, more especially hunting, which he looked upon as the "faint image of war."

With regard to his officers, he made it perfectly clear that every dereliction of duty would be severely noticed; the men knew that for certain crimes there were certain punishments, never remitted except under particular extenuating circumstances. He seldom missed a day without going round the stables, and then his eagle eye would quickly discover any shortcoming, whether as regarded the condition of the horses, the state of the saddles and bridles, or the quality of

the hay and corn. Those under his command took an equal pride in the horses ; hence no cavalry regiment looked better at a review than the gallant 90th Hussars.

Colonel Daintrey, being unmarried, lived a great deal at the mess, and there all restraint was removed. He talked to the youngsters of their exploits either in the hunting or shooting field. Balls he patronised because he liked his officers to mix in good society ; and although he was aware from his own previous experience that “ boys will be boys,” he did all in his power to keep up the *morale* of his regiment. Hence his “wiggling” to Frank Hovingham already referred to.

Calling his officers together, he told them that, without being too straight-laced, he felt that bringing questionable females into the barracks set a bad example to the men, who would be severely punished for so doing, and that driving notorious traviatas on their drags was an outrage to decency.

In a decided, yet kindly manner, he concluded by saying—

“From that fine gentlemanlike tone that pervades in this regiment, I feel assured I shall have no further cause to revert to the subject. Gentlemen, you are dismissed;” adding, in a friendly tone, “There will be no parade or riding school drill to-morrow, as the hounds meet at Willowfield Gorse.”

It was by such acts that Daintrey won the hearts of his officers. Upon points of duty he was strict, but the moment the duties were performed, he entered fully and freely into all their amusements.

Here I must digress to offer a few remarks on the condition of the soldier.

It has been said “that the ranks of the army provide a better position, better treatment, better pay and better prospects to the unskilled, or but moderately skilled workman, than any other kind of engagement generally open.”

Now it is not our wish to underrate the position of the British soldier, but we cannot allow the above assertion, backed as it is by the official experience of the military authori-

---


ties, to remain unanswered ; and we unhesitatingly declare, without fear of contradiction, that the brave defenders of our country—the gallant heroes whose martial deeds have spread terror in the ranks of every foreign foe, whether the brave Frenchman, the sturdy Russian, or the savage Indian mutineer—are not treated with that consideration which their services so eminently entitle them to.

It is as easy to describe in flowing language the delights of a soldier's life as it is to give a graphic sketch of the riches that await his career. The Press often furnishes the former, while the recruiting officers, in a spirited coloured sketch of victory and prize money, produce the latter. But, alas ! both these pen and pencil designers grossly exaggerate the subject. It is very easy to say that "if a soldier educates himself and behaves himself properly, he has the chance of rising to a still better position." It is equally captivating to ornament the walls with placards describing the prowess of the sons

of Mars in the field, winning glory and bags of gold.

Let us, however, descend from romance and poetry to truth and every-day experience. We shall then see whether such golden prospects of promotion and wealth exist alone in the fertile brains of the propagators of the fulsome trash. Here I will at once admit that, during the Crimean war, the *Gazette* announced many cases of non-commissioned officers receiving commissions ; but even here the system is faulty, for the expense of uniform, messing, &c., is so great, that unless the post of adjutant, or of quarter or riding master is attached to the step, few can afford to accept it.

It has been often remarked "that the system of 'stoppages' by which the soldier, though receiving an undoubted equivalent, finds himself deprived of the money earnings on which the terms of his engagement have induced him to calculate, may have tended in some degree to impair the attractiveness of the service in general." Surely it "requires



---

no ghost" to tell us that this is only one of the numerous grievances which the soldier has to put up with. Let the civilian, who cannot be supposed to know much of the military profession, listen to those who have devoted the greater portion of their lives to the army, both at home and abroad, and he will find that the system of recruiting, although very much improved of late, is still far from perfect. It was for many years a system of gross fraud, falsely carried on under the sanction of that tower of strength, the Sovereign's name.

In the majority of cases—we speak of the past—the recruiting sergeant, having intoxicated his victim with strong drink and honied promises, gave him the fatal shilling and the gaudy ribbons; a feverish sleep followed the public-house orgies, and the aspirant for military fame, on awaking, found himself in the service of the country. The attestment took place, and the death and glory boys, in smock frocks and fustian suits, were marched off to the nearest depôt for the inspection of the surgeon. When passed, they meet a



comrade, who, for the first time, informs them that for months they will be placed under stoppages ; and then arises the bitter thought that a portion of the pay, which they had fondly anticipated would enable them to alleviate the distress of a kind parent, or to administer to the wants of a wife or child, is not forthcoming.

The effect that such an unjust proceeding produces upon the mind of the misguided recruit can be better felt than described.

“The well-attired, well-trained man, impressed with a due respect for himself as well as for others, testifying in his very courage to the dignity of his profession, and supplied in all respects with every advantage which reasonable expectations can desire”—we quote from a supposed great authority—“probably, if single, wishes to possess an additional advantage—that of a partner of his joys and sorrows, and then commences his troubles. His application for permission to marry may be refused, on the principle that there are so many married men in the corps ; or, if it is granted, instead of having a decent

---

house in the barracks, in which he can take his wife, they have to herd together in one room."

Such was the case—I trust and believe it is so no longer.

The institution of the Cross of Valour, and the various medals, foreign and English, which were so long and so unjustly withheld from the brave Peninsula campaigners, but which have for some years been plentifully distributed, are moves in the right direction. Other most important reforms have been, and are daily being made to promote the comfort of the soldier. Let the old-fashioned red tapeism be abolished ; let the recruit be informed, as any other man, whether labourer or mechanic, is informed, of the amount of pay he is to receive ; let the soldier feel that attention is paid to the comforts of himself and family, and the standard of moral excellence will be raised.

Then the cry of " Who'll serve the Queen ? " will be cheerfully responded to through the length and breadth of the land.



## CHAPTER II.

The true charm of cricket is, that it is still more or less sociable and universal; there's a place for every man who will come and take his part.

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS."


FEW events were looked forward to with more anxiety than the cricket match between the gallant 90th Hussars and the Willowfield Wanderers Club. A marquee had been pitched upon the ground, in which refreshments were provided by the officers. The band of the regiment was also in attendance. Among those present was Mr. Charleville, who was a great supporter of this national game, and at Harrow and Cambridge had "handled a bat and showed how scores were won." Opposed as he was to balls in one sense of the word, he encouraged them in another; therefore Frank Hovingham had every reason to believe that the Rector and his family would be present.

The morning arrived; the Wanderers won

---

the toss, and went in, much to the annoyance of Frank, who wished to appear before his *inamorata* in his well got up cricket suit before the fatigue of fielding soiled his dress or put his glossy locks out of curl. Being an expert player, he was honoured with the distinguished post of wicket-keeper ; but in his distracted state of mind, failed to stump many of his opponents, and missed an easy catch, which gave rise to a shout of triumph from the Wanderers, accompanied by a cry of " Butter fingers ! " from some ignorant clod.

It is not, however, my intention to describe minutely, and in technical terms, this match, for it would prove uninteresting to my readers, especially the female portion of them, if dwelt on ; how " Thompson hit Spencer to leg for 5, and drove Adams hard to the on for 4 ; or how Chapman contributed sixty-three by five 4's, six 3's, &c. ; how Morley was missed by Robertson at mid-on, the chance being not very easy, and was finally stumped by Pearson ; how, after playing a very correct and pretty innings, Hamilton was given out leg-before-wicket to



Marsden, a decision which brought forth some adverse criticism; how the last man was clean bowled in one over"—suffice it to say, the innings of the Willowfield Wanderers was over at twenty-five minutes past one for 101, when the luncheon interval took place.

No sooner had Frank tidied himself, than he joined the Charleville party, whom he escorted to the regimental marquee. Nothing could be more beautifully arranged than the interior of this canvas pavilion. Swords, lances, carbines, standards, flags and pistols were arranged with exquisite taste; and the tables—to adopt the fashionable newspaper phraseology of the day—"literally groaned under the weight of the delicacies of the season."

The regimental plate, of which there was a profusion—consisting of presentation, racing, yachting and boating cups in gold and silver—decked a sideboard, while—

Wines of every clime and hue  
Around their liquid lustre threw.

---


Iced claret and champagne cup, with a certain admixture of American "drinks," were to be had in profusion.

There are few more delightful entertainments than those got up by the military, whether in the shape of garden or lawn tennis parties, *déjeûners*, musical promenades or balls. Everything is carried out on the most liberal scale, and the officers vie with one another in doing the honours to the fairer part of the community. It need scarcely be added that, on the occasion to which I refer, Frank devoted himself to the Charlevilles; but, young as he was, like a skilful general, he first attacked the outworks, by making himself so agreeable to the Rector that he was pronounced to be a most estimable and gentlemanlike young man. Mrs. Charleville, with that penetration for which women are famed, at once saw through his little game, and was not a little pleased at the thought of her daughter Margaret becoming in due course of time Lady Hovingham.

The Hussars, who had 101 to get to be

equal to their opponents, commenced their task soon after two o'clock, with Frank Hovingham and Fawley, when the over-enamoured cornet only received two balls, the second of which he played into his wicket.

To describe his dismay, his downcast look, would be impossible ; for he had boasted that with such loose bowling as the Wanderers had a character for, he would be good for at least fifty runs. The Rector, who was one of the kindest-hearted men alive, consoled him by saying that untoward accidents often attended the best players, and quoted instances to confirm his remarks. Frank Hovingham lingered about the seats occupied by the Charlevilles until the last wicket fell, when the score for the Hussars was 98. The Wanderers, in their second innings, added 85 to their score, leaving the Hussars to get 89 to win, and Hovingham and Fawley were again at their posts. Whether the practical advice of Mr. Charleville, or the smile that accompanied Margaret's best wishes that the young cornet would be more successful in his next innings inspired him with courage



and confidence, I know not; but he went in with the fixed determination to be a conqueror, and his prowess proved that his determination had not been made in vain. Hovingham led off with a cut for five, and clinked his second ball square for four. After being at the wicket for more than half-an-hour, during which he scored forty-one, he was grandly caught with one hand from a slashing drive.


As he retired to the tent, cheers rent the air from both officers and men, for Frank was most popular in his corps. When finally the Hussars won, with seven wickets to go down, nothing could exceed the cornet's delight. After receiving the congratulations of the pastor and his family, and before taking leave of them, he extracted a promise that they would attend in the Pavilion Gardens next day, when the band was to play from three till six.

So over head and ears in love was our hero, that he made up his mind to propose on the very first opportunity that Margaret Charleville gave him.



Up to this period, Hovingham's intercourse with the purer portion of the creation had been somewhat limited; he was a prototype of Goldsmith's "Young Marlow"—that lively, impudent, agreeable rattle among barmaids and milliners' apprentices; but who was awfully shy in real ladies' presence. He, therefore, began to reflect seriously as to what he should say when he offered his hand and heart to the object of his devotion.

Many books have been written upon politeness; the usages of fashionable society; how to demean yourself in walking, talking, and dancing, with advice to youths of both sexes, and hints to young married couples; but we never met with one that treats upon proposing. Let me, therefore, suggest a new work, to be entitled, "Popping the Question; or, Proposing Made Easy to the Meanest Capacity," with appropriate speeches to suit all parties anxious to bind themselves in the chains of Hymen. The writer might suggest that, during a moonlight walk, the enamoured swain could refer to the inconstant moon, vow a constancy that would not



change with the seasons, and ask the portentous question. Again, on the river, or by the river side, he might, pointing to the liquid stream, exclaim—"And yet, like happiness, it glides away;" adding his love, however, would be like the rock that stands immutable, unmoved. During a quadrille or a waltz he might suggest that the object of his ambition was to have such a partner for life; an archery meeting would be suggestive of Cupid's bow and arrows.

Although upon the following day at the Pavilion, the band played some appropriate airs which Frank Hovingham might have turned to account, so nervous was he that he never took advantage of them. In vain did he attempt to "screw his courage to the sticking place." Had he done so, the overture to "La Donna del Lago" was a favourable opportunity of suggesting those lines of Walter Scott:—

Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand,

merely changing Ellen to Margaret, and Malcolm to Francis. Then, again, he might

have referred to "La ci darem la mano," in the selection from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," translating the lines, "Give me your hand, dear Margaret, and gently whisper 'Yes.' " Then a *pot pourri* from Moore's Irish melodies furnished, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour," and "Love's Young Dream."

One golden opportunity occurred which Frank Hovingham was in too great a state of trepidation to avail himself of. He had arranged with the master of the band to play "My Guiding Star," the words of which he had learnt by heart, and which he repeated :—

Thy gentle light would lead me on, my own, my guiding star,  
Till every sense of life were gone, e'en wer't thou placed afar,  
And now thou deignst so near to shine, with rays that warm and  
cheer,

The surest, firmest hopes are mine, my soul is strange to fear ;  
Yes, thy light shall lead me on, my own, my guiding star.

I know my path will lead me right  
With such a prize in view,  
And happy omens bless my sight,  
That must, that shall be true ;  
Yes, thy light shall lead me on, my own, my guiding star—

After delivering the above in rather an unpoetical strain, he was about to lead up to the momentous question, when, unfortunately, a slight shower of rain came on, which caused the whole party to take refuge within the walls of that Chinese Temple, justly called, "George the Fourth's Folly."

So great was the mob, and so dense was the crowd inside the Pavilion, that all hope of any further private conversation was abandoned. The partial success of the morning's attack had ended in a forlorn hope. Frank soon retired to the barracks to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," though the latter rather preponderated.

Blind as the passion of love is said to make its victims, Hovingham saw plainly that there were obstacles to the connection he now seriously meditated, which he feared would prove insurmountable. He well knew that Mr. Charleville looked among his own religious circle for a helpmeet for his daughter. He was, however, not so ill-read in female character as to be ignorant that he had made

an impression on the heart of this guileless child of nature.

In the meantime, days quickly followed on each other, and Frank became more and more a prey to all those varied and mixed feelings of hope and despondency which few that really love can escape. Scarcely a day passed without bringing him to Margaret's side, yet there was a reserve in her manner which made him guard the secrets of his heart, and cast a gloom over his prospects. But we will not weary the reader by dwelling upon the fluctuations of Frank Hovingham's feelings between hopes and fears, each of which held alternate sway. At times he fondly flattered himself that he would gain the Rector's consent, then he would deem the moment actually arrived for declaring how long, how devotedly he had loved her. Then, again, a remembrance of Mr. Charleville's sentiments regarding religion and morality came across his mind, the thought of which breathed despair.



### CHAPTER III.

While the bottle to human and social delight,  
The smallest assistance can lend ;  
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,  
Or enlivens the mind of a friend,

O, let me enjoy it, ye beautiful powers,  
That time may deliciously pass,  
And should care ever think to intrude on my hours,  
Scare the haggard away with the glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,  
Should Discord preside o'er the bowl,  
And Folly debate, or Contention commence,  
From too great expansion of soul ;

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful Fate !  
Where the madness or blasphemy hung,  
And let every accent which Virtue should hate,  
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.


OLD BACCHANALIAN SONG.

THE cricket match day ended with a dinner at the Barracks, to which the Wanderers were invited. A regimental mess is very different to what it was some half-century ago, when a dining party implied excess ; when

---

drinking was carried on to the greatest extent; when men began their Bacchanalian orgies the moment the cloth was removed, and kept them up until a very early hour in the morning, imbibing "potations pottle deep" of what was termed fine strong military port. People told good stories, sang good songs between their bottles of port, and ate broiled bones and deviled biscuits between their good stories and good songs. For the majority of men, life was a drinking bout.

The friendly practice of drinking healths at dinner was very much on the decline when light wines were introduced, and it is now totally omitted. Indeed, the omission arises from a principle which seems very much to prevail in the present age, and which aims at the abolition of all forms and ceremonies as meaning nothing, and, at the same time, giving trouble and excluding ease. Forms and ceremonies undoubtedly have their utility, or they would not have been universally retained in every age and nation which history has recorded. Admitting that some forms



are without meaning, I cannot look upon drinking healths as a senseless and empty ceremony. Upon some occasions, especially in a large company at a mess or public dinner, it was certainly a great tax on the host, the president, or chairman, to drink the health of every guest; still, it had its advantages. Many a supposed slight was rectified by the friendly question, "May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" and many a coolness of friendship was restored to warmth through the pledging of healths. The custom prevailed among the Greeks, for Homer, in describing a feast, writes:—

χζυσείος δεπάεσσι  
Δειδέχαι ἀλλήλους.

The manner of drinking to each other resembled what is called among us, pledging. The person who drank to his friend was said *Πζοπίνειν*, or to drink first. He then drank part of the cup, and handed the rest to the friend whom he had named. The words which passed on the occasion were



πζοπίνω σοι χαλως, to which the person pledged λαμδάνω από σου ηδεως, which, freely translated, means, "I drink to you with pleasure." It was also the custom to drink to the health of absent friends. As an emblem of sincerity, it was established as a law, or, rather, *mos pro lege*, never to dilute the wine drunk on the occasion.

This ancient custom of not diluting the wine still finds favour in modern times; for a toast in our day, proposed in a bumper of wine and water, would remind one of the times when, for not passing the bottle, or filling a glass that had not been drained to the dregs, a penalty of a glass of cold water was inflicted, occasionally seasoned, when the offence was great, with salt. The loving cup is still handed round at the Lord Mayor's and other civic feasts. At the Annual Election Dinner given by the Dean of Westminster in the Cloisters, the friendly custom still exists.

During the dinner, and over a cigar in the waiting-room, poor Frank received as much

“chaff” as would have fed a dozen London cab horses for weeks.

“How you spooned that Charleville girl?” exclaimed one.

“What a *catch* you missed—I don’t mean the young lady!” said another.

“She’s regularly *bowed* you over,” chimed in a third.

“Of course it will be a *match*,” remarked a witling, “and, if so, I hope you’ll have a good long *innings*.”

“Lots of *stumpy* down, I hope,” continued Forsyth, an embryo Theodore Hook; “without it, and large milliners’ *scores*, we shall have to *bail* him out.”

Hovingham bore this bantering with the greatest good humour; his all-absorbing thought was how he should propose. First he thought of writing to the Rector, but he fancied “old jawlocks,” as his friend Fawley irreverently called him, might oppose his daughter’s marriage with a man of the world; then he thought of addressing a few lines to Mrs. Charleville, who was less straightlaced,

but he knew she would at once show his letter to her better-half, who might be offended at not having been first informed of his views; lastly, he considered that a letter to the young lady herself would be the right thing, but then, how to word it? A sudden idea seemed to flash across his mind, and, on the back of the *menu* he wrote in pencil a few notes, which were to form the staple for the letter on the following day. They ran as follows:—

“DEAREST MISS MARGARET,—May I venture to hope that those eyes which have proved so fatal to my comfort may one day smile upon me with a beam of satisfaction, and raise me from the misery love has plunged me in—”

“Come, Frank,” said Fawley, “pass the bottle. I suppose you would be satisfied with, ‘Drink to me only with thy eyes,’ very nice beverage for an ideal lover, but not the sort we admire.”

“I suppose, old fellow,” chimed in another, “you won’t be with the Southdown Harriers to-morrow?”

"I have a particular engagement," responded Hovingham.

"What, *deer* stalking?" said the embryo wit; "and, if I remember right, the love-sick Benedick, when talking to Claudio of the fair Beatrice, asks, 'Do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare finder?'"

"Why, Forsyth, you've got Shakespeare at your fingers' ends," interrupted Fawley, "and now let me quote from him whom you poetically call the 'Swan of Avon.' 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom (rather a small one) for a horse'—which means that my first charger being in the riding school to finish his breaking in, my second being rather the worse for that gallop with Lord Ladbroke's hounds, and having to send my third in the trap to meet Beaufoy at the station, perhaps you will mount me to-morrow on 'Troubadour' with the harriers?"

"With all my heart," responded Forsyth; "and now, Hovingham, we call upon you for a song."

Upon which, Frank, albeit, not in a sing-

ing mood, warbled forth Billy Bolland's  
"Zingari Song," so appropriate to the  
amusement of the day, arranged to the air of  
"The Red, White, and Blue."

We are told England's armies assembled,  
When Liberty's cause was in view,  
We are told, too, that tyranny trembled  
Neath the folds of the Red, White, and Blue ;  
Yes ! the Red, White, and Blue o'er the ocean  
Has floated in conquests of old,  
But to-night let us pledge our devotion  
To the folds of the Red, Black, and Gold.  
*Chorus—To the folds, &c., &c.*

The ball the stout cricketer urges,  
Cleaves a pathway of peace o'er the plain,  
The weapon he wields leaves no scourges,  
No record of carnage or pain.  
No ! 'tis his to cement man's affection,  
Reviving his pastime of old,  
To our camp, then, we fear no defection,  
Neath the folds of the Red, Black, and Gold.  
*Chorus—Neath the folds, &c., &c.*

As the eagle scans desert and mountain,  
As the sea-bird the wilds of the deep,  
As the water springs free from the fountain  
And dashes unbound down the steep,  
So our wandering band shuns all warning,  
In every soil plants its hold,  
Each tract of old England adorning  
With the folds of the Red, Black, and Gold.  
*Chorus—With the folds, &c., &c.*

Then the wine cup, the wine cup bear hither,  
Fill high, we sip naught but the brim,  
May the germ we have planted ne'er wither,  
Nor the star of our birth-right grow dim;  
May the friendships we've formed never sever,  
May each link lengthen long and grow old,  
Then a bumper "Here's Cricket for ever,"  
'Neath the folds of the Red, Black, and Gold.

*Chorus*—'Neath the folds, &c., &c.

"Bravo, bravo, Frank," shouted a dozen voices.

"And now," exclaimed Forsyth, "We've got into the small hours, so I wish—

To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light."

Upon the following morning Frank was hard at work trying to pen a letter to the object of his devotion. He attempted many, but tore up the paper as soon as he had written them; some were too sensational, others too tame, some declared too much, some declared too little. In one, he identified himself as the Publican and Sinner; in another, as the Prodigal Son anxious to return to the paths of virtue; but then he doubted whether the Rector would be deceived by such pro-

testations. Then he tried the heroic style, then again the penitential, then that of the impassioned lover, then that of the matter-of-fact business man offering to make any settlements the family solicitor might suggest. In the midst of this confusion of ideas, Captain Brandon entered the room.

“Why what on earth is all this? Your room is literally strewed with as many scraps of beautifully tinted paper as the leaves of the far-famed valley of Vallambrosa.”

“I have been writing a few letters on business,” responded the blushing sub.

“I rather think it is on an *affaire du cœur*. Now, Frank, every one knows that you are smitten with Miss Margaret Charleville; if really you are in earnest, though I don’t wish to lose you—and all young married fellows leave the regiment—take my advice. I have asked Mr. Charleville to lunch, for though a parson he’s a bit of a sportsman, and knows what a good horse is. I am to show him the officers’ chargers, then mount him on Abelard for a canter on the Downs.

All you have to do is to have your horse ready; during the ride you must fall back, and I will sound him, and if I hold up my hand thus, you will know it's all right. Then you must join us, and in a few words—the fewer the better, for the old boy is wide awake—merely say, ‘Have I your sanction, sir, for addressing your daughter on a subject dearer to me than life?’ He will reply, ‘Yes.’ Then put your spurs to poor Corsair, gallop off to Regency Square; ask to see Mrs. Charleville, tell her what has occurred, claim an interview with Miss Margaret—there I leave you to act for yourself, and in less than an hour all will be as right as a trivet.”







## CHAPTER IV.

The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS.

BARON HOVINGHAM, of Ballariffe, in the peerage of Ireland, and of Riversdale Castle, was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, who were proud of their "blue blood," and the honours conferred upon them by Henry III. The family motto was *Sans Fache*; in the case of our hero it might more appropriately have been *Pro se Quisque*—"Each for Himself."

From the death of two elder brothers, the youngest son, Francis, became heir to the family honours and estate. Francis was completely spoilt as a child, and instead of being sent to a public school was brought up at home. He had a tutor who allowed him

to do very much as he pleased ; he therefore soon realised that line of Shakespeare—

Home keeping youths have ever homely wits.

Lady Hovingham had died in childbirth, and no one except a fond and foolish father was left to curb the unruly passions of his son. One day when caught by his nurse in the flagrant act of raking down peaches from a neighbour's wall, she inflicted summary but mild punishment upon him ; upon which the child ran to his father, and blubbered that he had been shamefully flogged by that horrid woman, Mrs. Perkins. An immediate order was issued that henceforth Master Francis was never to be so punished, and that instant dismissal would follow any infraction of this law.

In our days flogging at school is very different from what it was when George the Third was King. It was reported that Dr. Busby, who for five-and-thirty years ruled over the destinies of Westminster School with a rod of iron, or more properly speaking

with one of birch, was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that he flogged the boys every Monday morning, because he knew they would deserve it during the week ; and many of his followers felt with him, that the only way to make a boy *smart* was by the rod. In these times, it often happens that if a boy, however heinous the offence, receives corporal punishment, the parents fly off to a magistrate and take out a summons against the offending pedagogue. We are happy to find that in a recent case which took place in Birch Lane (rather an ominous title), the unpaid magistracy dismissed the case. If such a punishment was abolished, expulsion must follow, and that remains more or less a stain for life ; whereas after a flogging, if not too cruelly administered, the culprit is soon restored to comfort.

Quintilian tells us “that a public education emboldens a young man, gives him courage, early accustoms him not to be afraid of appearing in public, and cures him of a certain pusillanimity, which naturally attends


---

---

a private and retired life ; where in secret he usually grows languid and dejected, he rusts in a manner, or else falls into an opposite extreme—becomes conceited, setting a greater value upon himself than upon others, from having no person to compare himself with.” And there can be no doubt, as can be proved by history and example, that the men of the most splendid talents, of the greatest knowledge, of the most conspicuous virtue, have been educated at public schools. The system of private education, therefore, cannot for a moment be considered of the same advantage to the youth of our country as public education ; and the disadvantages of the former can be readily understood when comparing the one with the other. Consider in general (there are some brilliant exceptions) the persons who undertake the task of private tuition—they are clergymen of a certain age, who find themselves in want of an income, from the increase of their families, their want of a patron, or from a desire of doing something ; and who endeavour to supply that


---

deficiency by taking a small number of boys at a certain pretty considerable sum, varying from two to four hundred a year, without having in any degree given the least security for the fitness of the situation they assume—either as to learning, to temper, or to understanding—and they have the good fortune to find persons who employ them in this very arduous task, as if the gown of itself, by a certain kind of magic, contributed to give all these requisites. Many of them, from disuse, are completely unversed in the more important parts of learning, composition and quality (two parts of classical learning which are hardly ever taught out of a great school, and which depend so much even then upon the taste and skill of the master); and yet how imperfect a scholar is he who does not possess these two ingredients in an eminent degree. Consider, too, the provincial dialect, and the awkward manners of many of these private pedagogues; and then judge whether, at an early and an imitative age, their pupils do not incur the risk of acquiring bad habits



---

from them—such habits of speaking as must disgust all well educated persons. Again, courage and fortitude of mind can only be procured by frequent conflicts with ourselves, with others, and with difficulties. As these are studiously avoided, and upon system too, in private education, any reference to what may possibly happen in the world in which they are destined to act after the boys are dismissed from their tutors, is carefully avoided, and the celebrated sagacious Spartan aphorism, that the best education was that which would teach a boy to learn what he is to practise when he is a man, is completely disregarded. The great and useful lesson for life, to *bear* and to *forbear*, is never taught. Everything is to be made easy and comfortable to them—they are expected to suffer no pain of body, no hardship, no difficulty; their meals are, compared to public schools, to be that of an epicure; their exercises those of a Sybarite, and not even one rosebud is permitted to make their couch uneasy; they are not even to be allowed to



be tempted to try their powers of forbearance, as anything is almost to drop into their mouths without the effort of desire or wish. Thus undisciplined, thus tremblingly alive at every pore to every disagreeable sensation, they are sent into the great theatre of action like plants long kept in a hot-house, which quiver and collapse when they are exposed to the open air. The general defects of private education seem to be the want of motive afforded to stimulate the youthful, as emulation can hardly ever take place in that system, and in general bodily correction is not practised. Without motive what mind can act? It is as impossible as that a body should move without impulse. To generous minds emulation will give an incitement to exertion, as the high mettled racer endeavours to outstrip his competitors in the race. For the efforts of minds of a less noble temper, the rod judiciously used seems as necessary as the whip is to the sluggish and heavy cart horse. If a boy has no sense of shame or of duty, what but bodily pain can ever make


him exert himself? Another defect of private education is the want of those connections which are made at a public school and which contribute so much to the comfort and to the happiness of life. To have been at a public school is a kind of passport through life. "He is an Eton, Winchester, Rugby, or Harrow man;" "I was at Westminster with him," are sufficient motives for one school-fellow to afford assistance to another, and to make them recognise each other at the Antipodes. To the above list we ought not to omit Marlborough and Cheltenham, both of which institutions deservedly rank high.

There is, besides, a general principle of honour at a public school which cannot be too loudly extolled. Every mean, every dirty, every dishonest, every small action is reprobated with that honest indignation which possesses young minds. Boys are more severe overlookers and watchers of each other, than the most vigilant school-master can be. He must be employed in many other matters besides this. The boys



are constantly together; in private tuition some of the boys' leisure hours must be spent with servants, from the mere want of other and better company. It is not to be expected that out of teaching hours the poor pedagogue shall attend his flock with due watchfulness and attention. Fagging, too, at a public school, if not carried to too great an extent, teaches discipline, and, last not least, boys under private tuition seldom attain any great prowess in gymnastics, on the river, or in the cricket field; and we know, from the highest military authority, that of the "Iron Duke," that many of his battles were won by those who in early life had devoted themselves to manly exercises. To return to Francis Hovinghan.

It has been truly said that education is the root of almost all the good or evil in this life. How careful then ought those to be who must one day, perhaps, dreadfully account for any misconduct, to watch over the creatures whom they call into existence. And how few, even of the most anxious



---

parents, fulfil the various duties comprised in that title! What, then, must become of those who abandon their children to people often incapable, often immoral, and almost always negligent; through whom those beings become curses to society, who might, with due care, have been its brightest ornaments? Mr. Nasbeth, the tutor Lord Hovingham had appointed to superintend the education of his son, had distinguished himself at Baliol College, Oxford, and was about to take orders, when a college friend told him that Lord Hovingham was looking out for a "bear-leader" for his hopeful progeny, and as his lordship had considerable political influence, the worthy Baliolite saw looming in the distance some good appointment that might eventually reward his labours. He therefore applied for the tutorship, and, as he bore a good character for cleverness at his college, his offer was accepted.

Once installed in his new office, Mr. Nasbeth's object was to ingratiate himself with both father and son; and this, by flatter-

ing the one, and indulging to the greatest excess the other, was easily accomplished.

"My object," said his lordship, "is not to have my son crammed with useless knowledge; Greek and Latin are all very well, but I much prefer modern languages; therefore I trust you will pay particular attention to both French and German. Monsieur Chevalier will assist you in the former, and Herr Forschutz in the latter."

"Every attention shall be paid to the Honourable Francis Hovingham; and as your lordship is so excellent a French scholar, and really speak the language like a native, I have no doubt your son will follow in his father's steps."

"Of course, in due time, Mr. Nasbeth, I shall require a 'coach' to put my son in the way of passing his examination, and I have no doubt you will be able to recommend one. Between the two I have no doubt Francis will prove successful."

Mr. Nasbeth bowed.

"You are aware, Mr. Nasbeth, that the examination is very severe."

"I am, my lord, but inheriting, as your son does, so much of the readiness of his father, I have every reason to believe he will be successful."

"I suppose you have heard the story that has been going the round of the Clubs lately?"

"No, my lord; my time is so much occupied with your son, not only during the hours of tuition, but during those of recreation, that I seldom hear what is going on."

"Young Sarrfield," continued Lord Hovingham, "was plucked; his father, Sir Hubert, met at the United Service Club a most distinguished officer, holding a very high military appointment, who sympathised with him on the failure of his son."

"'Yes,' responded the other, 'I gave him a good education, and fancied he would come off with flying colours, but unfortunately he failed.'"

"'Better luck next time.'"

"'By the way,' asked Sir Hubert, 'did you ever hear of Bishop Atterbury, who flourished in the days of George the First?'"

“‘Never,’ replied the other.”

“‘Nor did my son, and he was plucked for that very question,’ rejoined the Baronet.”

“What an excellent anecdote, and your lordship is so happy in giving point to a story.”

Finding young Hovingham very proud of his ancestors and of the rank he was one day destined to hold, Mr. Nasbeth fed the youth with fulsome flattery as to his future greatness.

Mr. Nasbeth had certainly not studied the question of hereditary honours. These honours, which subsist in most civilised nations, have been the subject of complaint and surprise to superficial observers in all ages of the world. That a set of men by merit of their ancestors, should be distinguished by titles and peculiar privileges, and claim the homage of those who are their superiors, perhaps, in virtue, sense or learning, has appeared unjust and absurd.

A little reflection, however, will soon clear up these difficulties, and show the expediency that it should be so. If a man, by

---

his extraordinary exertions, by his courage, or his wise conduct, and perhaps by sacrificing his health, his ease, and the common enjoyments of life, has eminently served his country, and, as a reward for such transcendent merits, has been honoured with an illustrious title, it would certainly be the highest injustice, as well as a discouragement to the life exertions in others, to deprive his family of those honours for whose sake alone, perhaps, he accepted so unsubstantial a recompense. In the case of an hereditary fortune, we too often see the heir squandering away, by extravagance or gambling, the fruits of his father's industry; and if he prefers a life of poverty and shame to one of credit and affluence, it is his own affair—he is his own master, and who has a right to control him? The same is applicable to hereditary titles. If the descendant, by his worthless conduct, is determined to disgrace his noble ancestors, he renders himself doubly wicked and contemptible, both by swerving from such bright examples, and by his profligacy exhibiting so shameful a contrast to their patriotic virtues;

---

yet there does not seem to exist any power competent, in an equitable view, to deprive another generation of those honours of which they may be more worthy, and even be exerted by their very titles, to act nobly and retrieve the credit of their family. England will rue the day should the law of primogeniture be repealed, for although there are instances of noblemen squandering away the fortunes that have been bequeathed to them, although there are instances of hereditary peers disgracing the titles that have descended to them through a long line of ancestors, it would be hard if the vices and follies of a comparatively few unprincipled or thoughtless individuals should eclipse the lustre of a majority of great and illustrious members of the aristocracy, who constitute that venerable, and as it always has been esteemed, the most uncorrupt tribunal, the House of Lords. Without considering the peers of the realm, in a political light, as forming a necessary part of a monarchical constitution, or in their legislative capacity, as a barrier against royal influence—happily under the reign of our

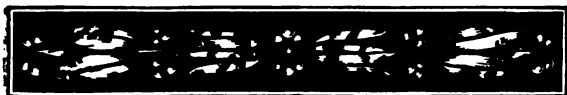
present Sovereign, never required to be exerted—or popular encroachments, we look upon the peers as a sort of historical ornaments—like columns or triumphal arches—in the annals of our country. Without regard to party, every Englishman must recollect with pride those periods of their history, when a Burleigh, a Clarendon, a Chatham, a Pitt, a Fox, a Sheridan, a Russell, a Grey, a Marlborough, a Wellington, a Nelson, a Clyde, a Raglan, a Napier, a Wolseley presided in their councils, or commanded their armies and fleet. But when a man of rank is weak enough to consider birth as everything, and virtue as nothing, and instead of politeness and condescension, treats with unnecessary haughtiness and insolence men of sense and liberal education, he merits the silent contempt of every right-minded individual, however humble his lot, or poor his estate.

'Tis true proud grandeur not on all awaits,  
And different fortunes follow different fates.  
One nurs'd in ease, in costly pleasure bred,  
By pride instructed, and in plenty fed,  
Spurns at the crowds his scornful eyes survey,  
Those grovelling thousands who his will obey.



In the case of Francis Hovingham, early training and all outward influences had unfortunately combined in fostering his natural feelings. We may, however, pass over his early days, and arrive at that period when, through the able instructions of Mr. Nasbeth and the Reverend Edward Fenton, a celebrated coach, he passed his examination, and was appointed cornet in the 90th Hussars. Three things operated to bring this about; the tutor was promised a snug berth for life in the Custom House if his exertions were successful; Mr. Fenton was anxious to add another name to the candidates, who, through his "coaching," had gained high marks, and Frank was incited to study in the hope of wearing a handsome uniform.





## CHAPTER V.

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,  
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

CHURCHILL.


I knew him in his livelier London days  
A brilliant diner out.

BYRON.

WE must now introduce to our readers a character who, though not interwoven directly with the incidents of our story, merits a place among the *dramatis personæ*. Charley Chesterford was the son of nobody knew who, came from nobody knows where; but, possessing that passport to society, good looks, he made his way in the world. It would be difficult, indeed impossible, to describe Captain Chesterford (for, though no longer in the army, he had once been a captain in a crack Lancer regiment), so as to distinguish him from a thousand other young men of the same class; except, per-

haps, that he might be characterised by having more exclusive coolness and cleverness. His effrontery, his social qualities, his love of gossip, had made him many friends, and some few enemies. Altogether he was looked upon as an amusing, good-natured fellow. His income being limited, only just sufficient to enable him to make a good appearance, and have a bachelor's bedroom in close proximity to his club, Chesterford literally lived upon his friends.

Charley's plan of operations was as follows: he would leave home at an early hour, and pay a visit to some bachelor friend, trusting to find him at breakfast. In every case an enquiry as to whether he had breakfasted, and an invitation to partake of this meal followed, the Amphytrion being duly rewarded for his hospitality by hearing the last gossip of the day. About twelve o'clock he would drop into the barracks of the Household Cavalry at Regent's Park, or Knightsbridge Barracks, where he was certain to find the orderly officer at home.



“ You must let me walk through the stables with you,” Chesterford would say. “ I saw your guard go through the Park yesterday, and was very much struck with the appearance of the men, so well set up, and the horses were in perfect condition.”

After this dose of “ soft sawder ” an invitation to dinner almost universally followed. After strolling through the stables, accepting a cigar amidst a thousand of regrets at having left his case at home, a biscuit and a glass of sherry, our modern “ Sponge ” had retired for the day. So well were Chesterford’s propensities known that upon many occasions he was met with the question, “ What, cruising for a cutlet, Charley ? ” which good humouredly answered in the affirmative, brought about an invitation to dinner. To adopt his phraseology, the Horse Guards or the St. James’ Guards were always “ sure finds.” To get invited by the officers of the Life Guards, or Blues, he would be at his post when the guard was about to be relieved ; as, however, both guards were relieved at the

same hour, his "dodge" was to way-lay the cavalry as they drew up at the Horse Guards, and then rush off to the parade at St. James'; between the two he generally managed to secure luncheon and dinner, and occasionally breakfast.

But his favours were not confined to the military, for there was scarcely a house of any private friend or acquaintance on which he did not levy a tax—a tax which, unlike others, was cheerfully paid, inasmuch as the gatherer gave more than a *quid pro quo*—Charley being what is termed "good company," and dispensing tickets for concerts, theatres, the opera houses, Hurlingham, Orleans and Ranelagh Clubs, all of which he had obtained after the plan of the hero of "Raising the Wind" and the immortal "Jeremy Diddler."

In order to ingratiate himself with those whose hospitality he so eagerly sought, Chesterford made himself acquainted with all the gossip of the day, and when none was stirring he invented enough to amuse his

---

auditors. In fact, he was a sort of "Chronique Scandeleuse," which, to adopt a witticism of Theodore Hook's "every one *set* their face against." As there was a morning and evening edition of the above, Chesterford was a welcome guest at the luncheons, five o'clock teas, and dinners of the West End fashionables. There was another class to which he attached himself—the grumblers—and who he encouraged to find fault with everything and everybody, from the highest to the lowest. These grumblers were too delighted to listen to the gossip of the day, as it afforded them opportunities of denouncing its degeneration, and Chesterford found attentive listeners among a set of cynical old men, who are perpetually dinning our ears with the praises of times past; who never cease from drawing comparisons between the former and present generation, much to the disparagement of the latter; and who take a misanthropic delight in representing society as having greatly degenerated since the days when they were young. Ac-

---

According to these people virtue is annihilated, morality become extinct, politeness abolished, good breeding at a discount, respectful attention to the fair sex a thing of the past, *noblesse* and chivalry buried in the grave. These men, too, declare that those who live remote from cities and avoid the crowded scenes of human life, possess a rude simplicity and native ignorance unknown to the throng that flock to the pestilential atmosphere of the metropolis. Now, although there may be some foundation for these complaints in a very few particulars, I consider that upon an impartial estimate of the merits of the last and present generation the scale of the latter would greatly preponderate. With regard to rural life, the statistics of crime prove that the violent passions and their various indulgences are not confined to cities. This feeling runs through all classes of society. A politician compares the House of Commons to what it was in the days of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan; the doctor of divinity laments the deluge of vice, pro-

faneness, and immorality, and thinks the bishops ought to emulate the example of their predecessors by labouring harder in the vineyard than they do ; the lawyer refers to the legal attainments of Brougham, Denman, Scarlett and Copley, and sighs over the degeneracy of the present race ; the veteran officer adopts the privilege of an Englishman, and growls and grumbles over the present system of non-purchase and short enlistments, and dwells with rapture on the prowess of the "Iron Duke." In addition to the above, there is an inferior sort of grumbler, who inveighs with great acrimony against modern improvements, and who considers the dull, oily rays of the lamps in the streets, the sleepy "Charleys," and the defective Bow Street runners of the past, fully equal to the brilliancy of gas, the active police constables, and the intelligent detectives of the present day.

A conclave of these grumblers had, as usual, taken up a position at a window of their Club in St. James's Street, and were



discussing a question of foreign politics, when Chesterford joined them.

"Well, Chesterford," asked General Firebrace, "what's the last news?"

"Iv'e heard nothing," replied the other, "except that young Bridgenorth has bills out to the amount of eighty thousand pounds, and that the money-lenders, headed by Moses Shadrack, are getting very clamorous. Some say an execution has been put in his house, and that all his horses are sold."

"Young fellows in my day," grunted the General, "did not plunge in the way they now do. Look at that Guardsman. What a hideous tunic! I remember the time when the dress of an officer of that corps was worth looking at; a swallow-tail coat, with epaulettes or wings, white trousers in summer, a gorget on the breast when on guard, a neat shako, and the sash round the waist instead of over the right shoulder. Pretty nonsense to suppose it will be useful to carry off the wounded."

"You are very severe, General," responded Charley.

“Then look at that mounted Hussar orderly. Compare his dress with that of the old 7th, 10th, 15th, or 18th. What could be handsomer than the richly gold-braided jacket and pelisse, the latter trimmed with fur, the bridle covered with shells, and the handsome horse furniture.”

“Rather expensive,” said Squire Broadlands.

“Not the least,” continued the General; “the outlay was great, but the lace did duty to many jackets and pelisses. I know a young fellow in the 15th who had the lace put on three jackets.”

“Surely you admire the new boot?”

“Horrid hybrid; something between a butcher’s boot and a Hessian; and, to make it worse, the spurs are not fixed to the heels. Depend upon it, the spur leathers will always be giving way.”

“It is a pity, General, that you are not the president of a board to reform the dress of the army.”

“Aye, and the expense of it. We used to

say that economy was the life and soul of the army, now extravagance has taken its place."

"And what would you recommend instead of the hybrid boot?"

"A Wellington, with spur affixed, and a pair of trousers strapped with patent leather about twelve inches deep to the foot, with a chain instead of leather strap to hold them down, and an additional chain attached to a hook at the top and at each side of the leather to use in case the other gave way. I would then have a light rifle slung across the shoulders of the trooper, so that in the event of his being cut down or wounded, and his horse escaped, he might still retain his weapon."

"Well, there's something in that," said Charley; "but how about expense?"

"I would reduce the price and range of the breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners. In my time fish, cutlets, grilled kidneys, omelettes, and game pies were unknown at the breakfast table, cold meat and eggs were alone fur-

nished ; then at luncheon, bread, cheese, and small beer were all that could be had ; at dinner soup, plain fish, a joint, with veal cutlets or Irish stew, tarts and puddings ; sherry and port formed the usual bill of fare, and champagne, except on a guest night, was an unknown luxury."

"I don't think there would be an overcrowded mess, General, if your suggestions were adopted," remarked the Squire. "My youngster showed me a bill of fare of his regiment, and what struck me most was champagne cup and Badminton, with strawberries and cream for luncheon, which, in reality, was a hot early dinner."

"Whose carriage is that?" asked Mr. Matton, Member of Parliament, who had sat for the Borough of Rustdown for some thirty years."

"Oh, that's young Walsall, who has just been returned for his county ; some wealthy solicitors acted as his warming pan, and kept the seat for him until he was of age," responded Charley.

"I rather think you'll hear more of him than at St. Stephen's. They do say he'll shortly figure in the Divorce Court."

"When I first took my seat in Parliament we had some remarkable men; now, although there are a few good speakers, the members of the House of Commons are sadly degenerated. Too many lawyers."

"Be careful what you say, for there are one or two of the gentlemen of the long robe within hearing."

"Present company excepted," groaned the General; "the men of our day cannot compete with those of—"

"Hold hard," interrupted Chesterford. "Where can you, even in your roll of distinguished lawyers, find men that can equal, much less excel, Cockburn, Sir Henry James, Giffard, Holker, Ballantyne, Montague Williams?"

"Now, General, you've pitched into the politicians and the lawyers; what say you to the Church?"

"Well, there are some bright luminaries,

I'll admit; but the schism among them is awful. Still, as the Curate of Romaldkirk writes:—

What thrillings deep your honour'd names recall,  
Cranmer and Whitgift, Usher, Leighton, Hall!  
How did your voices sound the glorious word,  
Bidley and Jewel, Reynolds, Beveridge, Hurd!  
How can the good your sacred Order scorn,  
Bedel and Wilson, Butler, Porteous, Horne!  
Departed labourers! worthy of regard,  
Andrews and Barlow, Abbot, Smith and Ward!  
The fires are kindled, though my feelings fail  
Rogers and Hooper, Taylor, Bradford, hail!"

"That's all very well," replied Charley, "and I admit that you have given us a pretty strong reverend roll-call; but you must bear in mind we have a *Tait* at the head of the Church" (here he laughed at his miserable pun). "An Ellicott, a Jackson, a Harvey, a Durnford, a Claughton, a Magee, a Fraser, and a Stanley. Ditto those if you can; but 'comparisons,' as Mrs. Malaprop says, 'are oderiferous,' so I'll say no more; why I declare there's Frank Hovingham. Of course you know his father is called to the tomb of his ancestors, and that the new lord is going to be married?"

"Is he?" said the General. "I don't envy his future wife. Who is the happy lady?"

"Miss Charleville," responded Chesterford, "the youngest daughter of the Reverend John Charleville."

"Humph! What will the pretty barmaid at the Shades, near Temple Bar, say? Or how will Miss Polly Bridge—that agile *coryphée* of transformation renown, who styles herself Mademoiselle Marietta Du Pont—console herself for the loss of her *inamorato's* applause and bouquet? And how will the lovely *lorette* who goes by the euphonious title of 'Sherry Bitters' in England, from her love of that stimulant, and known in Paris as Madame Richelet, the name of one of her numerous lovers, pine for her devoted Hovingham?"

"You are awfully severe, General; you have made my friend a regular Don Giovanni."

"Well, he merits the title."

"But, General, they do say when you were

a gallant sub. in the Guards, you felt the truth of Hawthorn's song in your favourite opera of 'Love in a Village'—

Oons ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this ;  
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?  
The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—  
Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free ;  
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee ;  
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,  
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose."

At this complimentary remark, the General's "dial plate," as Sam Slick calls it, changed from "storm" to "set fair."

"But when did Lord Hovingham die?" he asked.

"About a fortnight ago ; a case of heart complaint. He was giving his steward instructions about some alterations in the farm, when he suddenly dropped down dead."

"Heart complaint ! We didn't hear much about that in our day."

"And Frank, who is not half a bad fellow, comes into about six thousand a year ; he has



sent his papers in, and it appears—though I don't wish it to go further—that he has been carrying on the affair with Miss Charleville through a cousin of hers, Miss Clifford. One good turn deserves another, and they do say that in return Miss Charleville is assisting Harry Northam in his suit with Miss Clifford. In both cases the parents have shown flinty hearts. Keep this dark, General."





## CHAPTER VI.


And surely never did there live on earth  
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports  
And teasing ways of children vexed not him ;  
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's tale,  
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
Obtain reluctant hearing.

WORDSWORTH.

WE must now introduce our readers to the Reverend John Charleville, who was as much admired in the desk as he was in the pulpit. To the deep clear tones of his voice bestowed by nature, he had early added those which are to be obtained by application ; his sentences flowed with ease, the emphatic words duly received their force free from preposterous violence. In delivering a discourse he had energy with sufficient gesture to add to the effect ; he impressed the sacred truths with a zeal that never approached to vehemence,

---

and he always addressed his congregation in that natural, earnest manner which is the result of conviction. He was beloved and respected by all, not alone for the ability and consciousness he displayed in his public ministry as rector of the parish, but for the fidelity and amiableness with which he fulfilled the duties of domestic life. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of his manners, his generosity, hospitality and philanthropy. He was one of those ministers of religion who, endowed with great abilities himself, was patient enough to give his time and attention to the most ignorant of his flock, to bring his fine intellect down to the level of their understanding, to devote hours in explaining and elucidating the mysteries of the Gospel to those who were desirous of enlightening, to smooth any angry feelings that had arisen among his poorer neighbours in the daily intercourse with each other. His hand and his heart open equally to the miseries of either poverty or woe, his advice when given ever tempered by Christian mildness and for-




bearance—can it be a matter of surprise that he was adored by his humble parishioners? And while they regarded him with awe as their admonisher and teacher, they loved him as their friend—one whose never failing kindness well entitled him to be considered as such. The rich were always anxious to welcome in their house and at their table a man whose conversation was varied and intellectual; who though practising and performing his duties as a clergyman in the true spirit of religion, enjoyed society, entered into the passing events of the day, and while he invariably withdrew when he could from anything approaching to an argument, yet when led into it by any particular point under discussion, scarcely ever failed to convince his listeners by the moderation of his tone, the deep reflection manifest upon all that called forth his opinions, and the almost unerring judgment that characterised his discussions.

To be a Christian philosopher, a physician of the soul, it is necessary to have studied

the Holy Scriptures in the first place, with great attention, and, in the second, that wonderful microcosm, the heart of man. As anatomy is necessary to the surgeon, so is the knowledge of the passions, the temper, the propensities, and the alterations which age, prosperity and adversity effect in the mind necessary to him whose office is to reform those that have erred—to afford comfort to the afflicted, and hope to the penitent. To enforce the doctrine of religion he must possess oratorical powers; he must have every assistance which a liberal education can bestow, and which long and attentive reading can obtain.

A clergyman has often a difficult part to act. The times are such that all the richer and higher people of his parish affect to be people of fashion. They bring into the village the manners and amusements of the metropolis. If, on one hand, he refuses to join in them, he is an unwelcome visitor among the rich; if, on the other, he is seen to be too much engaged by them, he is con-



---

demned by the more serious part of his congregation, who consider such amusements to be vanity. No good can be done by a minister of the Gospel totally destitute of authority ; but authority is founded on opinion, and nothing except vice destroys that opinion in religious affairs so effectually as the appearance of levity.

The entire absence of selfishness, in any form, from the character of Mr. Charleville could not be questioned, and not less undoubted was the active presence of pure and lofty motives. Like his Divine Master, "he went about doing good." He wiped away many a tear, he made many a human heart glad, and all who knew him felt the benignant and genial influence of his ministry. Mr. Charleville knew full well that the mass of mankind, as they labour under ignorance and want, may be objects of scorn to the worldly mind, but by an enlightened Christian they must be viewed with affectionate concern. The more he has been raised above the multitude by birth, wealth, educa-

tion, or any other means, the more he must make allowance for their infirmities, the more he must desire to relieve their necessities, to respect their rights, and to improve, in all things, their condition.

Mr. Charleville had often been offered preferment in London, indeed he had been pressed to accept a living in the West End worth tenfold what he received for his rectorship ; but he had pertinaciously declined leaving his own rural flock, or his own rectory where he hoped to pass the remainder of his days.

No one felt more deeply than the Rector that the evil of drunkenness was to be ascribed to the numerous public-houses in his village and its vicinity, and his most strenuous exertions were brought into action to reduce the number. By establishing clubs where no spirituous or other liquors of an intoxicating nature were allowed, the evil was in a great degree removed, and he soon felt the salutary effect, Rylston being remarkable for the good order and easy circumstances of its

inhabitants. Through his influence, backed up by the neighbouring gentry, the tillers of the soil grew more active and laborious, moral sentiments began to influence their minds as they listened to the kind exhortations of their pastor; they learnt to love their employers, and their employers learnt to have confidence in them.


By example and precept Mr. Charleville raised the labourers to a degree of moral improvement which not only repaid his care in an interested point of view, but gratified the noblest feeling the mind is capable of enjoying, a consciousness of having fulfilled one of the most sacred duties of humanity.

At that period Mr. Charleville and his family were residing at the Rectory near Malvern. Frank Hovingham, at the death of his father, having come into a good fortune, from the moment he found himself in independent circumstances, fully made up his mind to offer his hand where his heart long had been; and having written a few lines to the respected pastor, gently hinting



at the object of his wishes, he proceeded at once to Cheltenham. After refreshing the outward and inner man by a bath and dinner at the Plough, he ordered an open carriage to convey him to the Rectory. After passing the outskirts of that fashionable spa, the ascent is so gradual and imperceptible, that until the hill is reached no one is aware of its height until about a mile has been passed. Then on turning a sharp angle of the road by a picturesque old oak, the ruins of which proved how once it was a noble tree, and how many a blast it had braved in its isolated and somewhat exposed position, the eye of the traveller at one glance embraced a view that even with his thoughts pre-occupied at the meeting before him, he could not but feel was surpassingly beautiful.

He looked and looked until his heart grew under its influence, and visions of happiness passed before him, while he thanked Him who had preserved him through scenes of illness, of warfare with his conscience, to such a haven as Margaret's home and Margaret's love. In



---

all his wanderings Frank Hovingham had never seen a fairer prospect, nothing intervened between the hill he had ascended and Malvern, whose dark blue ridge stretched against the cloudless sky ; while the sun sank gradually behind the two peaks, known as Great Malvern, casting a warm tint over that particular spot, while the other looked all the darker for the borrowed glow over their grander sister, the valley extending to the foot of the hills, with but two objects catching the eye—Gloucester Cathedral and the nest of white houses comprising Cheltenham. As he proceeded, new beauties arising at each step, the summit was at length gained, and the driver stopped of his own accord to arrange his harness, which he said had got out of order, but in fact to give the traveller the opportunity of looking round, for all classes are proud, and well they may be, of one of England's finest spots.

Immediately around were stately and majestic oaks and limes. Here and there was seen a clump of lofty pines, intermixed with

linden, hazel, and drooping birch trees ; while the old picturesque house of prayer on the brow of the hill, the sun shining brightly on its spire, gave the idea of peace and innocence. He stopped to gaze upon its churchyard, so tranquil, so holy-looking. The Rectory was a gable-ended, bay windowed, old-fashioned place, with a quaint garden and lawn, dotted with fantastical yew trees, gay evergreens, and flowering shrubs. To the right an avenue of magnificent elms, co-eval with the days of chivalry, led by a gentle, though somewhat circuitous ascent to a small but handsome Elizabethan mansion.





## CHAPTER VII.

JUNO.—Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing ;  
Hourly joys be still upon you !  
Juno sings her blessings on you.


CERES.—Earth's increase, and foison\* plenty ;  
Barns and garners never empty :  
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest :  
Scarcity and Want shall shun you ;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Rectory stood alone on an elevated green, near a pretty brook. It was shaded by luxuriant trees ; a little up the brook was a rustic bridge, beneath which the stream fell in a beautiful silvery sheet over a rock, which seemed thrown by Nature in its way to embellish the prospect ; it was a picturesque object from the village, and to heighten its

\* Foison—Abundance.

beauty the inhabitants had bent over it a tree growing on the bank ; and, without spoiling the look of the uneven arch formed by it, had contrived to place a plank for a passage. On the farther side of the brook, there was a variety of trees, some small, some majestic, placed for shades in the undulating pastures. The village stood on a gentle slope down the stream, which meandered from it, leaving it gradually on an eminence to the right. It was a kind of straggling street, of which the cottages, though built in the common way, had a certain air of neatness, that bespoke a greater degree of comfort reigning within them than is usually found in the labouring class of men. At the end, but at a little distance from the street, were two pretty villas, the residences of the man of law and the medical practitioner. The village itself would have gladdened the heart of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as there was only one public-house in it, the "Load of Hay," and which, through the strenuous exertions of the Rector, had been conducted in a manner alike creditable



to the owner, honest old Joe Cobbe, and his better-half, Mrs. Cobbe, who never allowed drunkenness or profane language under the roof of this rural caravansary.

Hovingham was warmly welcomed at the Rectory, and it soon became known to all in the neighbourhood that the gallant ex-cornet was engaged to the Rector's daughter. Congratulations came in from all quarters, followed by presents from Margaret Charleville's relations and friends, nor were Hovingham's congratulations and wedding presents less numerous. Those that gratified him most were a silver epergne with a mounted Hussar on it, presented to him by a few friends of the 90th, and a very handsome liqueur case, given him by the non-commissioned officers and men of his troop, as a mark of respect for the undeviating interest he took in their welfare. In addition to the above, he received a remarkably pretty cigar-case from his former captain.

A slight sketch of his *fiancée* may not be uninteresting.

Margaret's was not alone that loveliness by which the colder passions are captivated ; it possessed the mind which sparkled through her whole frame, and lighted every charm. Her playful flashes seemed but the luminous escapes of thought ; her clear forehead was shaded by a rich profusion of glossy black hair ; her eyes were full, and when stirred by anger or surprise, were fire itself, but at a word of tenderness became subdued and soft. Her mouth was harmony and love. Hers was a form that could have spared from its rich world of beauty charms enough to have made all other's fair. Her elder sister Mary's character will, in the due course of this narrative, be more fully described ; suffice it to say, that the most sisterly affection existed between them, though, in many respects, their natures differed most materially. Mary sighed for London and London life, preferring the charms of Society to those of Nature. She pictured to herself the town and its varieties as much more pleasing to her than the unvarying beauties of the country, sub-

lime as she owned they were. Margaret was devoted to the country, and to a country life. The dreariness of winter, she felt, would be more pleasing to her than the metropolis or any amusements it might afford.

For some days the peaceful village of Rylston had been in a state of bustle and confusion, caused by the approaching marriage. Poles were being erected, festoons of flowers were being made up, flags and banners, bearing appropriate mottoes, were being hung out of the several windows, and the pathway from the Rectory to the church was being newly gravelled. Summer had commenced. How true it is that the glorious month of June is the fruit and flowery carnival of Nature; it is then she is prodigal of her beauties, gratifying alike the palate with the choicest produce, and delighting the olfactory senses with the most fragrant perfumes. The hopes of spring are realised, yet the enjoyment has but commenced. All summer is before us, the cuckoo's notes are in the finest tone—deep and loud; the hum



---

of the bee and the click of the grasshopper is heard in the sweet-scented garden and verdant meadow. The song-thrush charms not only by the melodious tones, but the variety of its song; the wood-lark, too, pours forth its soft, rich strains from the summit of some o'erspreading tree, or by the wild and lone hill-side, filling the solitude (the silence of which is only interrupted by the bleating of a flock, or the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell) with their eloquent music. Towards evening the bat and the owl venture forth as twilight wanderers, and the luminous glow-worm may be noticed brightening up the roads, banks, and footpaths. The fields and hedges are in full blossom with the oderiferous clover, the delicious-scented bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the foxglove, the mallow, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and other uncultured floral beauties. About the beginning of the month the pimpernel, thyme, dogrose and poppy, have their flowers full blown, and the fern owl is heard in the evening. Towards the

middle, wheat is in the ear, and the flowers of the valerian begin to open. The nightshade, water-hemlock, and that singular plant, the bee orchis, have their flowers in full bloom.

One of the earliest rural employments of this month is sheep-shearing, which, in the neighbourhood of Rylston, was carried on with much ceremony and rustic dignity. There is a beautiful description of this festivity by Dyer—

At shearing times, along the lively vales,  
Rural festivities are often heard.  
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy  
And lusty merriment; while on the grass  
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport;  
We think the golden age again returned,  
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.  
Leaving, they bound along with laughing air,  
To the shrill pipe and deep remurmuring chords  
Of the ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.  
While the old apart, upon a bank reclined,  
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt  
With every murmur of the sliding wave,  
And every warble of the feathered choir,  
Music of Paradise; which still is heard  
When the heart listens: still the views appear  
Of the first happy garden, when Content  
To Nature's flow'ry scene directs the sight.

The fields of clover which are now in

blossom produce a most delightful fragrance. Of this plant there are two varieties—the white and the purple ; from the latter the bees extract much honey. The bean-blossoms, also, shed a still more exquisite odour, thus described by the Poet of Nature—

Long let us walk  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossomed beans. Arabia cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy than lib'ral thence  
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

The day fixed for the marriage was the 20th, a day famed for a custom established at Dunmow in 1751, when any married couple may claim a fitch of bacon, provided they can conscientiously declare that from the day they were united in holy wedlock they have never quarrelled, repented of Hymen's chains, or offended one another. Sanguine, truly sanguine, were the hopes and expectations: that Frank Hovingham and his young and lovely bride would in after years be able to swear—

That they, since the parish clerk said "Amen,"  
Never wished themselves unmarried again.

If so—

A gammon of bacon they would receive,  
And bear it home with love and good leave.

Few, however, of these fast-declining and degenerated remnants of old English customs could ever boast a site of equal beauty for their merry doings. In the true spirit of olden hospitality, whoever entered within the widely-opened gates of Rylston Rectory, of high or low degree, rich or poor, was to be greeted with a hearty welcome and a substantial meal, and upon the morning in question hundreds were to be seen at an early hour passing through the avenue to the scene of gaiety.

No sooner had daylight appeared, than a band of rural vocalists assembled under the windows of the Rectory to warble forth in a hearty, if not in an artistic manner, Spofforth's glee of "Hail! Smiling Morn." It is true that the splendid tones of a Sims Reeves, the exquisite taste of a Cummins, the pleasing voice of an Edith Wynn, the clear soprano of a Patti, the deeper notes of

a Trebelli were wanting; but the feeling thrown into the above beautiful glee quite compensated for the self-taught musicians.

The bells of the venerable church added a charm to the scene, and the shouts of the assembled populace when the bride, attended by her father, and followed by her mother, sisters and bridesmaids, walked along the avenue strewn with fresh roses, proved in what esteem the Rector and those connected with him were held. The bridegroom was also welcomed with acclamations, for he was then a goodly youth.

The ceremony then proceeded, and never did earth behold a sight more beautiful when, as the rays of heaven, descending on the communion table, shedding its holy beam upon each brow, they knelt before that shrine, their hands clasped in one, thus fondly pledged to live and die together.

Upon leaving the church, the immense concourse of people who crowded around them, and the happiness depicted upon every countenance, sufficiently manifested the satis-

faction universally felt at this marriage of the soul ; and as the Rector saw his daughter blushing receive the honours now showered upon her, he fervently prayed that each succeeding year of her wedded life would find her still in the enjoyment of these blessings. Had he heard a *sotto voce* remark made by the bridegroom to his best man during the breakfast, " Dead slow !" poor Mr. Charleville would not have been the happy man he was.

Another incident occurred which would have deprived Hovingham of the fitch. Owing to the difficulty of making her way through the crowd, the impatient husband was kept waiting a few minutes, when he exclaimed to his friend Brandon—

" Give me a wife who never contradicts her husband, slams the door, or keeps him waiting."





## CHAPTER VIII.

Thou art in London—in that pleasant place  
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing.

BYRON.

TOBIN tells us, in that excellent comedy of  
“The Honeymoon,” that *La Lune du Miel*,  
as we have heard it called, is—

To fools a torment, but a lasting boon  
To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.

Unquestionably Hovingham's decision to pass ten days at Riversdale Manor, and then proceed to London for the rest of the season, was no great boon to his bride, who would have much preferred the quiet of the country to the noise and racket of London society.

By the common acceptance of the word society, is meant that general intercourse which man keeps up with the world, and conducts himself in the forms and customs pecu-

---

liar to his times. The man of society is, in general, the indolent man, whose fame extends no farther than his life, and whose joys are shortened as his years depart. He dwells on the present as the hour of enjoyment, but discards the future as an object to dissuade him from it. But then, society will never be universally objected to because it is a necessary object, and it is that alone which the generality of men depend on for worldly enjoyments; it is looked upon by them as a relief to the mind from its daily labours, and without which the world would be lost in obscurity. A state of society is appointed, then, to man for the purpose of acquiring temporary happiness; it looks on solitude as a deceitful quality, the offspring of ignorance and the foundation of misery; at least, so thought Lord Hovingham.

The trunks were now packed, and on a bright summer's morning the Hovinghams quitted Riversdale for London. It was late in the evening when they arrived in Grosvenor street.



“Margy, love,” said Hovingham, “you seem knocked up with your journey, and had better retire to bed. I have to meet Harcourt at my Club; he is about to join the old corps, and wishes me to give him a list of the best tradesmen for his outfit.”

“You won’t be late, dear?” responded the wife.

“Not very, darling. We may possibly drop into the opera for half-an-hour; the incidental ballet is, I hear, beautiful. But don’t sit up, Margy; I’ve my latch-key.”

Margaret gave her husband an affectionate kiss and retired to her room.

When Margaret arose in the morning, the broad sun beamed into the windows of her apartment, which afforded a view of the trees in Hyde Park. What a contrast did they form now—covered with the dust and smoke of London—to those of Riversdale, still wearing a look of freshness.

Her room was large, and decorated with all that ingenuity has contrived for luxury and comfort.

"Surely I have much cause to be thankful," thought she, as she raised her eyes on the cloudless sky, and she remained musing on the past and the present.

Blessed spring-time of life, when all that is novel strikes upon the imagination like beauty, and all that is good seems tenfold more so by the light that youth sheds upon it.

In the midst of these reflections she was summoned to the breakfast table.

The London season was now in its zenith. Parliament was sitting, and the world, the exclusive world, seemed intoxicated by delicious excitement.

Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurled  
Like harness'd meteors—

from the first universal roar of morning business to the last solitary cab bearing home to a daylight pillow some drowsy senator, or first season's lingerer of the ball-room.

The opera was adding its aristocratic refinements to the general enjoyment; the Italian nightingales were in full song; the

Club windows in St. James's Street were sporting their full complement of men about town—some occupied with a newspaper, others directing their attention towards the street. Here might be seen a motley group—the heartless man of fashion—the dyspeptic *gourmet*—the broken down gamester—the superficial man of letters—the care-worn official—the worn out *roué*—the soldier “bearded as the pard,” discussing the charms of Hurlingham, the merits of its *chef* and his last invented dish, the delights of Monaco and its *rouge et noir* tables, the recently-published political pamphlet, the late hours in the House of Commons and the approaching brevet. These, with a ceaseless succession of *déjeûners*, garden and water parties, dinners, balls, concerts, Richmond and Greenwich dinners, proclaimed that the season was in its greatest force. Young men of fashionable exterior lounged about the steps of the Guards' Club; Members of Parliament might be seen wending their way to Brooks's; while the windows of Boodle's

were graced with country gentlemen in green cutaway coats and top boots, discussing the Poor and Corn Laws; Rotten Row was filled with pedestrians and equestrians; and the drive between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner was blocked up with carriages. There might be seen the well-appointed barouche, the open landau, the resplendent *vis-à-vis*, the now obsolete curricle, the neat tilbury, with a duodecimo "Tiger Tim" by the side of the driver; and the stately old-fashioned coach of some antiquated dowager.


"Margy, dear," said Hovingham, as he entered the breakfast-room, "I've a treat for you to-night. Patti sings in *La Sonnambula* and I have secured a box on the dress circle."

"A thousand thanks, darling," replied Margaret. "I have never yet seen an opera or play."

The opera was very brilliant. It was one of the best nights of Adelina Patti's best season. The lovely Queen of Song was in the height of her beauty and popularity. The

house was crowded with the fair, the rich, the noble, and, to all outward appearance, the happy. Bright eyes beamed from every box on the lower circle; diamonds sparkled on many a lofty brow; "nods, becks, and wreathed smiles," and many a snowy arm attracted the beholder from afar, as it reclined gracefully on the crimson cushioned parapet.

Survey the house! A smile is on every face; and plaudits escape from every lip as the full tide of song rolls with the combined beauty of Bellini and Adelina Patti; even the well-bred apathy of fashion gives place to a rapturous burst of momentary enthusiasm. It is a bright, a joyous scene! How unlike the gloomy, care-fraught world! Yet could we penetrate this brilliant and polished surface—could we remove the veil, and glide, Asmodeus-like, into the inmost recesses of the mansion—what a world of care—what a host of passions—what a chaos of feeling would be revealed to our gaze! Amongst those gentler beings, whose features are one uniform



aspect of enjoyment, how many a radiant countenance conceals an aching heart ! how many a placid brow but serves to mask a throbbing brain ? How many a sad tale might we there read of feverish hopes and anxious fears—of clouded prospects, of love unrequited, of affections betrayed—

The leafless desert of the mind—  
The waste of feelings unemployed !

Let us turn to the other sex. Could we dive into the dark and troubled abyss of their bosoms, what fierce, what selfish, what demon-like passions should we not behold ! What envious rancour, what implacable revenge, what feelings of malevolence under the mask of what the world calls friendship ! And even where the nobler qualities of man are predominant, where the soul is uncontaminated, and the heart uncorrupted—what *ennui*, what disappointment, what disgust ! In nine cases out of ten, should we not read of ill-spent youth, of misdirected talents, of blasted hopes, of blighted ambition !

But enough, the spell is broken. When the

*chef d'orchestre* appears, flourishes his *mæstro's bâton*, and, after a splendid overture, the curtain rises, the delight of Lady Hovingham can scarcely be described. Her eyes were never taken off the stage, except for a moment when some friend of her husband's entered the box, and the instant the greeting was over she was all absorbed with the beauty and novelty of the scene.

Few things are more wearisome than going through what may be termed the treadmill of society, and yet how anxious are the young, the middle-aged, and occasionally the elders to undertake this drudgery. During the London season the young girl, fresh from the country, beaming with health, soon finds the roses fade. At twelve o'clock the day's pleasure commences, a ride or walk in the Park, at two a champagne luncheon, at four a drive in the Park, or an afternoon tea from five to seven. Then a large dinner, where the young lady finds herself seated next to some prosy elderly man of rank, the young gentleman having for his neighbours two elderly dowagers. At eleven a concert or ball, the

concert-room as oppressive as the Black Hole at Calcutta, the ball-room so crowded that a seat on the staircase is looked upon as a luxury. As for dancing, it is difficult even to walk through a quadrille, and in the waltz the dress is torn into shreds through the awkwardness of some dancer, whose legs and arms move about like the signals at a railway station. Then the supper, when the chances are ten to one that soup or a glass of Badmin-ton damages the frail tarlatan still more, and makes the wearer rather disposed to exclaim with Lady Macbeth, "Out, d—— spot." Daylight has long since appeared before the tired *chaperon* and the jaded fair one seek their pillow.

So much for the labour, then the struggle, the anxiety, the hope and fear of those who wish to get to the best parties, the humiliation attending a refusal, the cringing, the fawning, the "booing" and scraping, as Sir Archy McSarcasm calls it, all brought to bear to get the coveted invitation, more especially to a Court ball or concert.

We recollect a case which occurred not



many years ago. A Member for a Borough, not fifty miles from London, felt aggrieved that his wife was not honoured with an invitation to Buckingham Palace, upon which the learned gentleman, for he was a distinguished member of the bar, sought an interview with the Premier, and expressed his surprise that his wife had been overlooked.

“You must apply to the Lord Chamberlain,” replied the Prime Minister. “I have nothing to do with the Queen’s concerts or balls.”

“Of course not,” responded the M.P. “But I’ve no wish to be refused by any modern Polonius ; so I at once will come to the point. If no card is sent, my vote cannot be depended upon.”

At the evening ball the name of the lady appeared. Perhaps, however, the most humiliating and most contemptible means are those adopted by some *parvenus*, male and female, who buy their way into society. The female plan is to bribe by the use of her carriage, by opera and play boxes, by tickets

to the horticultural and botanical flower shows, certain impecunious old ladies, with marriageable daughters, to introduce them into good society. The briber must possess a plausible manner, and a winning tongue, and must carry out Shakespeare's advice—

Win her with gifts

If she respects not words, full many a jewel in its silent kind,  
More than soft words does win a woman's mind.

We heard of such a lady who, only last year, was introduced to a rather antiquated leader of fashion, now no more, and to ingratiate herself, said—

“I hope you will permit me to send you a trifling *souvenir*.”

The other replied, “Thank you, much,” and thinking the *souvenir* would be a bouquet or some inexpensive present, was not a little surprised when next morning a small buhl cabinet of the value of £25 was sent, which, we need hardly say, was returned.

The male *parvenu* adopts a different plan. He rents a house in a fashionable *locale*, and gets some lady of fashion to invite his guests

to dinners, concerts, amateur theatricals and balls, all of which are duly announced in the columns of the fashionable organs. Dukes, duchesses, marquises, marchionesses, earls, countesses, viscounts and viscountesses, barons and baronesses, like those in the McGregor gathering, "answer the summons," hearing that the house is good, the dinners splendid, and the wines faultless. What can be more humiliating for a man than to have his house filled by a sort of godmother's friends? Yet such is and has been the case since the days of Beau Brummell. That "Brummagem" dandy once consented to dine with a vulgar millionaire in, to him, that unknown part of the town, Russell Square. The list of the company invited was shown Brummell, who said—

"A very nice party of eleven; but who makes the twelfth?"


"Your humble servant," responded the Amphitryon.

"I forgot," drawled the beau, "that you were to form one of the party."

---

It is only within a few years that a system has been adopted which is highly reprehensible, that of furnishing to the newspapers lists of guests invited to an evening party, many of whom, from a variety of reasons, fail to attend. It is all very well—though we think it a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance—to chronicle the names of those present, but in cases where there has been a death in the family, it is painful to the survivors to find their names among the implied guests at an evening party or concert. If the principle is a sound one it might as well be adopted as regards dinner invitations. There is another objection to the system. Some *parvenu* who wishes to appear as knowing the *élite* of fashion, sends invitations to persons with whom he has the very slightest acquaintance, who decline, not on account of previous engagements, but because they do not wish more than a bowing acquaintance. We hope to see this objectionable practice abolished.

It is a trite but true observation, that the



frivolous whims and fanciful dictates of fashion have more effect upon the mind, and enforce their commands with more irresistible sway than all the precepts of wisdom or prudence. It would, however, seem probable that fashion would have contented herself with arranging the fabric of a lady's dress, the cut of a man's coat, with deciding the hour when it should be considered the right thing for the gay world to ride, drive in the Park, eat their dinners, or any other pursuit of a similar nature. But the fickle goddess, wishing to exert her prerogative and power to the utmost, has peremptorily decided that the London season, as it is called, should commence at a time when every lover of Nature would find in the country a delight to which those confined to a hot dusty metropolis are strangers.





## CHAPTER IX.


Think upon the time  
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul  
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,  
As if some unseen visitant from heaven  
Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images  
In sparkling waves; recall the dallying hope,  
That on the margin of assurance trembled,  
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd,  
It's happy being; taste in thought again  
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,  
When pansioned turf was air to winged feet,  
And circling forest by ethereal touch,  
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,  
As if about to melt in golden light,  
Shapes of one heavenly vision, and thy heart  
Enlarged by its new sympathy, with one,  
Grew beautiful to all !

ION.

It has been justly remarked that in our own days, as well as in those of ancient times, many examples are found, where the married state has not extinguished the ardour of love. This, however, is far from being always the case. Happy and secure in the possession

---

of each other, the married lovers are too apt to forget how soon they may lose their influence if they discontinue the means by which they acquired it, and thus grow less attentive to the importance of fixing each other's esteem. But the evil rests not here, it too often happens that the mutual respect subsides, which once rendered each other's esteem the object of their dearest ambition. For in a constant and familiar intercourse they will undoubtedly discover faults and infirmities, which were unnoticed by the partial eyes of love, or which their anxiety to gain each other's affection prompted them to conceal, and, perhaps, partly to subdue. They who appeared like angels are found to be but mortals, and the best of mortals is not free from faults. Tobin in the "Honeymoon" is particularly severe upon this subject, for one of his characters remarks that "men call their wives angels before marriage, because they soon wish them in heaven after it." The power of love would not be so often extinguished after marriage if the



parties were but half as ready as before it to overlook in each other the infirmities of human nature, half as gentle to each other's failings, half as attentive to remark and to acknowledge each other's accomplishments and virtues, and half as fearful of losing the affections of each other. It would have been better for Lord Hovingham, and would have saved a world of misery, had the ardour of his love not been in a great degree extinguished by marriage. The real state of his mind may be well described in a remark he made to his friend Brandon—

“Lady Hovingham is a charming woman,” said he, “kind, affectionate, and amiable, but I now find that a married life is not suited to my taste. I liked freedom, and any restraint over the *convenances* of the wedded state bore me. I feel like a canary bird in a golden cage, with every enjoyment about me, save one—liberty.”

“But remember, Frank,” replied his old Captain, “once married you must make the best of—I was about to say—a bad bargain;



but that is not applicable in your case, where you have a lovely and a loving wife."

"I thank you, Brandon, with all my heart. Averse as I feel to marriage in general, I still know what my duty is—and never will I give Lady Hovingham cause to regret her marriage. I should be a scoundrel if I did."

"That's a brave resolution, and I feel sure you will keep to it. How strange it is," continued Brandon, taking up a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems, "that I should light upon this passage. Read it, Frank, and act up to its spirit."

Hovingham followed his friend's advice; the lines ran as follows:—

And that same God who made your face so fair,  
And gave your woman's heart its tenderness,  
So shield the blessing He imparted there,  
That it may never turn to your distress,  
And never cost you trouble or despair,  
Nor, granted, leave the granter comfortless;  
But like a river, blest where'er it flows,  
Be still receiving, while it still bestows.

"Beautiful lines," said Frank. "I say old fellow, let's have a dinner at the 'Rag.,' and an evening at the Strand Theatre before I leave town?"

"We'll talk of that another time; perhaps Lady Hovingham would join us there?"

"She's not much in the play-going line, and her father would be horrified if he heard I took her to a theatre."

"Good bye, good bye."

Margaret, like many other brides, was desirous of passing the honeymoon abroad, and broached the subject to her husband, who had a true John Bull prejudice to foreign parts.

"It's all very well Margy, to do Italy, or the Rhine, or Switzerland, and all that sort of thing"—the latter phrase was a very favourite one of Hovingham's—"but what discomfort. If all travellers would speak candidly," continued Frank, "and point out the boasted results of their wanderings, they would find they were not equal to those they could attain without stirring from their fire-sides."

Margaret was silent, though her heart yearned to visit Paris, Rome, Venice, or Geneva.

“Where is the beauty, or the philosophy,” proceeded Frank, “of being cabin’d, cribb’d, confined on board a steamboat on the Rhine, or being immersed for hours with fat women and squalling children in a railway carriage, who will keep the windows shut and their mouths open ; or even travelling *en princes* in a compartment of your own, consigning your purse strings to the tender mercies of some shark of a courier, who protects you from the rapacity of the minor fry, only that he may more effectually devour you himself.”

“When my father visited Switzerland,” mildly interrupted the wife, “he found Gustave Heller a most conscientious courier.”

“That’s all very well, there may be exceptions,” persevered Hovingham. “Then you are paralysed with damp sheets, tormented by certain insects, B. flats, mosquitoes, &c. ; poisoned with bad cookery at hotels, in the shape of tough beef-steaks, served up *à l’Anglaise* with boiled cabbage, pillaged by *aubergistes* ; rifled by *douaniers*, and pestered

about passports by the municipal Jacks-in-Office at every *bicoque* you come to."

"I am perfectly content to remain in England," replied Margaret, "but from what you once said I fancied you liked a trip to the Continent."

"That's very well, as a single man, but when you come to a lady's maid, and piles of trunks, band-boxes, dressing cases, bags, &c., the case is different."

Margaret gave a look of disappointment, but she soon rallied. Hovingham witnessed this, and in a kind voice said—

"I tell you what we will do later on, we'll pass a week or ten days at Paris; the operas there—especially the ballets—are perfect."

We need hardly tell our readers that the leaven of selfishness was still very strong in the breast of the husband.

The first season of our heroine's *séjour* in London was now drawing to a close; the speculative were flying to other regions to prosecute new schemes; the disappointed to seek an antidote in forgetfulness; the weary

repose; the *blasé*, excitement; the sick, health; and the idle, pleasures. The Hovinghams—at least, his lordship—came under the latter denomination. A variety of gay watering-places were named at home and abroad, for Hovingham was bored with Riversdale, excepting during the shooting and hunting season. Dover, St Leonards, Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, Folkestone, Margate, Ramsgate, Southend, Boulogne, Calais, Dieppe, Havre, and Trouville were all named, and their merits discussed. Dover was too full, St. Leonards too dull, Brighton too hot, Margate too plebeian—

Worthing's all tides, and all Cheapside's  
Mud carted into Margate;

Hastings (or, as somebody has described it, a row of houses in a five's court) was an odious hole in hot weather; Ramsgate equally odious, Southend too swampy and muddy, Boulogne too full of English *réfugées*, Dieppe, Havre, and Trouville, too full of Parisian swells. At last Cowes was fixed upon, and Hovingham, fond of a new excite-

ment, proceeded to hire a yacht for the season. A letter to the secretary of the Thames Royal Yacht Club soon accomplished this, and in less than a week his lordship found himself the temporary owner of the "Eudora" cutter of fifty tons. The "Eudora" was now at her moorings in Cowes harbour, conspicuous for her gaudy burgee, for, as Hovingham belonged to no yacht club, he invented one of his own. His boat's crew, sauntering in front of the Gloucester Hotel, equipped in white trousers, striped shirts and black varnished hats, with Eudora worked in red letters on the breasts of the shirt, and in gold characters on the ribbons of the hat, produced, as the owner considered, a grand effect. Nor did he anticipate a less effect for himself when decked in white duck trousers, striped stockings and shirt, glazed hat, and glass in hand; looking for all the world like the hero of a nautical drama at a transpontine London theatre.

Cowes was at the height of its short but gay season. The Prince and Princess of

Wales were dispensing their hospitality at Osborne Lodge. The Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," under the command of the truly popular Prince Leiningen, was at her moorings. The captain and officers of the "Ariadne" were preparing to give an afternoon party to Royalty on board the guard ship, and the regatta was coming off on the day after the Hovinghams' arrival. All the best hotels and houses were full, and our friends had to rough it in a miserable small lodging with what was termed a sea view, but which in reality was a side glance at the River Medina.

Hovingham groaned aloud as he was conducted over the house by the talkative landlady—

"Twenty guineas for the week!" he exclaimed, "I never was in such a"—he was about to add dog-hole, when Lady Hovingham interposed by saying—

"It is very small, but very clean and tidy."


"Well, I agree," said his lordship; then, as the landlady left the room, he turned to his

---

wife and vented his spleen upon her, "If you had made up your mind in time, we could have had rooms at the Marine Hotel, with ample attendance, plenty of baths, towels, clean and well-aired beds, snug rooms, boiling water for breakfast, country-washed tablecloths, and nicely cooked dinners and lunch."

"I am so sorry," said the meek Margaret, "but, until a few days ago, I really did not think you were in earnest about having a yacht."

"Here," he continued, "we have a close, dark, dirty apartment, beds alive—well, I'll pass over that—and a slatternly maid-of-all-work, who bangs the door, soils the clean linen with her grubby hands, never answers the bell, omits to fill the jugs in your bedroom, brings tepid water for tea; then the cook, who forgets to order the bread, buys salt instead of fresh butter, underboils the fish, over-roasts the meat, smokes the vegetables, stews the mushrooms in rancid butter, and sends up the fruit tart with the crust as hard as a board, and as black as a hat."





“We must make the best of it, Frank. Could you not dine at the Club?”

“During the regatta that’s rather difficult; and, oh! worse than all, the loquacious landlady, a regular Mrs. Mouser, who will rush into the room to tell you that there will be a trifling additional charge for hire of baths, shoe cleaning, kitchen fires and gas, that the shops are closed, and you are out of candles, that one of your dressing-case cut bottles came to pieces in the maid’s hands, who was probably deluging her cotton handkerchief with your Jockey Club perfume; that the parlour lodger had taken away your umbrella by mistake, that your goloshes had been put to dry before the kitchen fire, and had met with an accident by some burning coals dropping upon them.”





## CHAPTER X.

There was not on that day a speck to stain  
The azure heaven ; the blessed sun alone  
In unapproachable dignity,  
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.  
How beautiful ! beneath the bright blue sky,  
The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,  
Save where along the bending line of shore  
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck  
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,  
Embathed in emerald glory.

SOUTHEY.

HOVINGHAM knew as much about the management or steering of a yacht as a New Zealander does of a modern polka, still he talked of—

“ Calking,”  
And “ quarter deck walking,”  
“ Fore and aft,”  
And “ Aaft,”  
“ Hookers,” “ barkeys,” and “ craft,”  
Of binnacles, bilboes, the boom called the “ spanker” ;  
The best bower cable, the jib and sheet anchor,  
Of lower deck guns, and of broadsides and chases,  
Of taffrails, and topsails, and splicing main-braces.

very much after the manner of the hero of

one of Ingoldsby's tales, and Lady Hovingham was a wretched bad sailor.

On the morning after their arrival at Cowes, the boat of the "Eudora" was waiting for them at the landing-place, where they both embarked, with Frank, "not Pleasure, at the helm," for he ran them stern on to the yacht, to the great detriment of the boat's nose, and a severe shock to his wife. No sooner had they reached the deck than preparations were made for sailing; the mainsail and jib were set, and, as there was a fresh breeze, the flapping and fluttering of the canvas produced a feeling that proved he was one of those—

Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave.

At length, everything being ready, Frank, prompted by his captain, gave the word, "cast off;" the moorings were slipped, the sheets nicely trimmed, and the buoyant vessel, yielding to the propelling power of the breeze, in a few minutes shot out of the harbour like an arrow from a bow. Some

soda and brandy having been partaken of by Hovingham, he was in ecstasies ; everything looked propitious ; for though the breeze was fresh, the heavens were bright and clear, and they were as yet too near the land to feel the bold swell of the waters. He could see however, that other vessels were pitching heavily, throwing the spray over their bows ; and it was not long before the lively craft was dancing so nimbly over the waves that Frank experienced great difficulty in keeping his legs, and was fain to grasp the weather-runner as a holdfast to preserve his station to windward. The face of Lady Hovingham, too, was becoming unusually pale as the motion increased.

Away bound the light-heeled "Eudora" as if sportively playing with the element she loved, and tickling the fancy of Chaplin, the captain, with her many gambols, as he was frequently heard to mutter, while a smile mantled his bronzed features—

"There, my sweet one, bravely done my pretty lass."

“Does it not blow uncommonly hard?” asked Hovingham, addressing the captain.

“Nice breeze as ever was, sir,” responded the other. “She’d almost bear another reef out, but she’ll feel it more presently. To Southampton, sir?”

“Ay, ay,” replied Hovingham, by no means enamoured of the “nice breeze,” and wishing himself ashore.

“Ready about,” shouted the captain; “must get further to windward, as the breeze will come more off the land on the other side.”

“All ready,” was responded from forward; the helm was gradually put down, and the “Eudora,” obedient to control, gracefully shot up into the wind without losing a particle of her way; but, as if to make herself amends for being held so tightly to her duty, she threw the seas over the bow, right fore and aft, and Hovingham got thoroughly drenched. At the very moment the main boom, in swinging, knocked his hat overboard, his ears were pierced with the cries of Lady

Hovingham, who was floating about upon her splendid cushions. But the sails were once more trimmed ; the yacht again bent to the breeze on the other tack, and now taking the seas more ahead she dashed through them unrestrained, throwing the glittering sprays aloft in prismatic colours.

Beautiful and pleasant as all this would have been to good sailors, the effect was widely different to Frank and his wife, for that distressing of all maladies, sea sickness, was rapidly prostrating their faculties, rendering them utterly careless of sympathy for each other.

Lady Hovingham called to Frank for assistance, whilst Frank looked upbraidingly at her for demanding aid at so unpropitious a moment. Dash came another wave, spreading its transparent particles entirely over the vessel, and again drenching both man and wife. This was more than our hero could stand ; he made a hasty and rather unusual descent into the cabin, where he was speedily followed by Lady Hovingham, sick,

both in body and mind. Frank had thrown himself horizontally upon one of the well-stuffed sofas in the cabin, while Margaret occupied the other.

Here we must drop a veil over the scene, leaving it to our readers' imagination to fill up all the horrors of confinement in a small cabin, the skylight down and covered over; two individuals oppressed with dreadful nausea, and one of the most acute senses suffering from the unsavoury odours, proceeding from bilge water, fresh paint and tar. Presently the fickle wind, as changeable as fortune, came dead against them, and shortly afterwards, with the suddenness peculiar to a summer breeze, gradually died away till it fell perfectly calm, and the yacht lay like a log upon the water, drifting with the current, which was strongly setting towards the Mother-bank. The sky, too, became overcast, and a meteorological contest took place aloft between the wind and the rain, in which the latter was triumphant, for it came rattling down in torrents.

“Where are we, and what are we doing?”

inquired Frank of the captain, who had descended to the cabin.

"The wind is all gone, sir," answered Chaplin; "there's not enough to fill a pair of bellows; but I'm thinking we shall have it presently from the westward, as the porpoises are rolling their noses to that point."

"Is that fair for Southampton?" demanded Hovingham, who longed to be on *terra firma*.

"Why, no sir, not if there is any northing in it," answered the captain, "and if it comes southerly with this ere tide we had better run for Portsmouth."

"Anywhere, as quick as you can," uttered Lady Hovingham; "to remain here is dreadful."

Frank offered no objection, but merely requested that everything should be kept as quiet as possible on deck. The captain then ascended to whistle for a breeze.

Several attempts at conversation were made between the cabin passengers, which entirely failed, and both at length fell off into a sort of a half-dozy, dreamy slumber.



It was near midnight when an increasing noise of bustle above their heads awoke them; the vessel herself was, comparatively speaking, quiet, for with the exception of a slight rolling motion, there was nothing to prevent a landsman from exercising his feet. The clanking of the chain cable informed Hovingham that the anchor was let go, and in a few minutes Chaplin announced that he had brought up in Portsmouth harbour. Thus ended the first cruise on board the "Eudora."

Much to the delight of Margaret, Hovingham soon got tired of yachting; the anxiety, trouble, and expense was more than he could put up with.

"I tell you what it is," said he, "in the first instance there is a difficulty in getting a good captain. A man that has raised himself to be a mate thinks he is competent to act as master, and in many cases, as far as sailing is concerned he is so; but the great drawback is the little control he has over the crew, who, having been 'hail fellow, well met'

with him over a glass of grog, do not, or will not understand his new position, and treat him as one of themselves."

"Yes, that must be a great disadvantage," said his wife.

"Then, again," continued Frank, "the men adopt a principle, which may be very satisfactory to themselves, but is not of equal advantage to their employers, namely, that of asking the very highest wages for the least possible work. Moreover, in addition to the above, they receive an excellent suit of clothes, perquisites from the visitors, pickings from the table, a present of fish—the produce of the trawling net, a good wind-up supper, and two or three sovereigns at the end of the season. With all this they never appear satisfied, and make a grasping attempt to gain more."

"That is really too bad," chimed in Margaret."

"The tradesmen, too," continued Frank, "charge the most exorbitant prices to yacht owners, and the system adopted is radically

wrong. A captain, on the strength of his gold-laced cap and club-button jacket, orders right and left, seldom, if ever, asking the price of any article ; the result is, that about the months of November and December innumerable bills pour in, at a period when your vessel is laid up, your crew dispersed, and you have no power of testing the quantity or quality of the goods furnished."

"How dishonest !" replied the meek wife, who had been brought up with the strictest notions of fair dealing and economy.

"The fact is," Hovingham proceeded, "yachting, under the most favourable circumstances, is a heavy drag upon your funds, and the least you can expect is to have a captain who will keep up discipline, men, who, if they partake of the rapacity of sharks, will at least work cheerfully, and consider their time as much at the service of their employers as if they were on board a merchantman or North Sea fishing smack."

Our hero's further maritime adventures must be recorded in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER XI.

See how before the wind she goes,  
Scattering the waves like melting snows !  
Her course with glory fills  
The sea for many a league ! Descending,  
She stoopeth now into the vale,  
Now, as more freshly blows the gale,  
She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills—  
Oh ! whither is she tending ? ”

WILSON'S "Isle of Palms."

DESPITE this tirade against yachting, recorded in our last chapter, a fit of illness, brought on by dyspepsia, induced Hovingham to change his mind, and, not heeding his wife's urgent appeal, become the owner of the "Rover" cutter of 60 tons.

"What say you to a trip to Cherbourg ?" asked Hovingham, the morning after the purchase had been completed. "Gibson, my new captain, who has been strongly recommended to me by the Secretary of the Harwich Yacht Club, is now waiting for orders."

"Of course, if you wish it," responded the all-yielding wife; "though I rather dread such a trip."

"Well, I'll ring for Gibson, and he will tell us more about it."

The captain was ushered in.

"Please, my lord," said the "skipper," "I found the upper pintle of the rudder was gone, and the lower one, I fear, struck the hawser of that ere man of war that just came into the harbour, caught her keel, and forced the rudder on one side."


"Well, what then?"

"Why, my lord, the necessity of the thing obligated me to put the cutter on the gridiron."

"Ship on the gridiron!" mentally exclaimed the disheartened owner; "are they going to broil her?"

The captain continued—

"And the tide won't turn for four hours for to lay her there, and then a whole ebb must fall afore the heel of the rudder can be got; and if so be the damage ain't much, and



the smiths set sharply to work, we may possibly get her all to rights that ere tide, but then we must wait again for high water afore she will float; then, my lord, the windlass bean't safe to heave the anchor up. Two of the pawls is broke, and the other not trust-worthy, and my belief is the bitts is rotten."

"Well, let it be put to rights at the same time as the rudder."

"Put to rights, my lord; why, mayhap, the bitts have to come out after the barrel is unshipped, which must go ashore for repair, and when the bitts is out, I think more than one plank of a side in the deck must come up, judging from the quantity of water as comes through the seams below, all about the windlass; and if it don't turn out as bad as I fears, it will take two or three days afore the iron work alone can be finished, and the windlass stepped."

"If anything else requires repairing, you had better have it done at once."

"There ain't very much," responded Gibson; "one of the crosstrees is in rather a

bad state; the mainstay is stranded in two places; foresail a good deal worn—not likely to stand a breeze.” (At these words Margaret shuddered.) “The blocks are somewhat too small for the ropes, which makes the difference of a man in the work; the bowsprit is sprung, the shrouds in very indiffer-ent order.”

“What next?” asked Hovingham, looking the picture of despair.

“There ain’t no lamp to the binnacle, nor charts on board.”

“Well, well,” exclaimed Hovingham, “see that everything that is necessary is immediately done, and send me a telegram when the ‘Rover’ is fit to go to sea.”

At the expiration of three weeks Hovingham received a telegram to the following effect:—

“Cowes Harbour—‘Rover’ at her moorings here; all ready for sea.”

Upon reaching Cowes, Margaret was

---

delighted with the gay scene that there presented itself. The fleet of noble yachts, surrounded by merchantmen from all parts of the habitable globe: the stars and stripes of America floating proudly from some New York "clipper"—the meteor flag of Old England fluttering gracefully to the breeze, over a magnificent vessel freighted for the East, emblem of the mercantile wealth of our "tight little island"—the heavy-laden timber ship from Canada—the collier from Newcastle—the brig from Bremen, with its heavy stern—the Dutch galliot, so picturesque, though slow of foot—the flat-sided Swedish bark—the bluff-bowed Dane—the "ship-shape" Sardinian—the raking schooner from the New World—the oyster vessel with its Apician luxuries—the fishing smack from Portland—the lobster boat from Yarmouth, are all anchored in the roads, awaiting the tide or wind. There, within the range of a good telescope, may be seen Portsmouth, Spithead crowded with shipping, the New Forest, Calshot Castle (erected towards the



---

latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., about the same period that East and West Cowes Castles date their origin), the West Channel, Beaulah, and Lymington; while Newtown, Yarmouth, Alum Bay, the Needles, Freshwater, Chale Bay, Black Gang Chine, the rampant rock of St. Catherine's, the Undercliff, the dark Dunnose (the once famed haunt of the smuggler), Bembridge Point, St. Helen's Road, Ryde, King's Key (where tradition places King John among the fishermen) all of which places being within easy distance by sea or land, were in due course of time visited.

After remaining a week at Cowes, Hovingham decided upon accomplishing his trip to Cherbourg, and, favoured with a good breeze, they reached the "Jack-in-the-Basket" that marks the entrance of the Lymington river. At daylight the following morning, at nearly the top of high water, they made sail with a nice breeze from the north-east, shaping their course for the Needles. The wind gradually freshened as they neared them, but

being off the land it did not affect the smoothness of the water, or disturb Margaret, who was still fast asleep. No sooner, however, did it open, than they found themselves in a bubble of a sea, caused as much by the flood tide running against the wind, as the strength of the wind itself. The noise on deck of reefing and shifting jibs, awoke Lady Hovingham, whose pallid countenance, as she stood on the companion steps, showed that the commotion below was keeping pace with the confusion and motion on deck. After a time the tide began to change, and running the same way as the wind, the sea very soon went down; but the breeze still remained, fresh and favourable, and the "Rover" went gallantly across the Channel at the rate of eight or nine knots, so that in about five hours she was tolerably in with the French coast, and in an hour afterwards was safely moored in the inner basin.

"I think, Ma'gy," said Frank, "we had better sleep on shore to-night. I wish to lay in a stock of wine with Maliéu Freres, and

Gibson tells me he requires some new rope!" Although on "pleasure bent," Hovingham, like Johnny Gilpin, "was of a frugal mind," for he continued: "At Southampton, English rope was three pounds seventeen a hundred weight, while here it is only sixty francs; that is two pounds ten shillings."

Margaret was highly pleased at the prospect of sleeping on shore, and in less than half-an-hour the Hovinghams were snugly lodged in the Grand Hotel des Bains. After enjoying a good dinner, Frank inquired of the waiter whether there was any amusement going on, and, much to his delight, heard that the theatre was open with an operatic and ballet company. Hovingham, who knew as much of the Italian or French language as an Ojibewah Indian does of Hebrew, was charmed with the idea of seeing a ballet, for in England he ever preferred "feet from France" to "songs from Italy," in fact, he had a ballet-mania.

Upon the following morning they visited

---

the Hotel de Ville, and the picture gallery, and at 10 A.M. again set sail for England, with a light wind from the westward. About two o'clock the lines were over the stern, and some splendid mackerel were caught, the "honour of their company" being particularly requested to dinner. Shortly afterwards a breeze sprang up from the north-west, which enabled them to fetch St. Katherine's on the port tack. The whole flood being against them, they made but little progress in beating towards the Needles; but when the ebb turned they were enabled to pass those dangerous, but most picturesque of rocks, whose beauty has since been sadly marred by levelling the highest and most striking, for the erection of a light house. Upon reaching Southampton, Hovingham, out of consideration for his wife, as he said, but really out of consideration for his precious self, suggested taking up their quarters at the Dolphin, a proposition highly agreeable to Lady Hovingham.

Upon the following morning Hovingham

went on board early, and had a long conversation with his captain upon the state of the "Rover."

"Well, captain," he said, somewhat vauntingly, "I hope you have found the 'Rover' answer the description I got of her from her late owner?"

"There's no denying, my lord, that she is a very fine vessel," he replied, "but there are yet many things to be done before she will be perfect."

"How?" he eagerly enquired.

"Why, at present, she's over-masted, and her boom is large enough for a yacht of nearly double her tonnage. By reducing both, she will become a wholesome vessel, while, at the present time, she is so crank that I should not like to trust myself in her during a gale of wind. In the least bubble of a sea she's rail under, and it was only last week, when I brought her from Lymington, that we were under a close reefed mainsail, and storm jib, while the 'Lively,' of five-and-thirty tons, was standing well up under a whole mainsail

and gaff topsail. That ain't altogether right."

"In other respects, I trust she is all you could expect."


"Pretty well, my lord," he responded; "her decks are rather thin, and the starboard bulwarks, which were stove in last season off Greenwich, have been shockingly repaired—all paint and putty. The chain cable, too, is so choked with rust in the locker that it must be put in the fire, and be galvanized; for woe betide us if we get alongside a barge or collier in the River Thames, and wish to let go our anchor with any range of cable."

"You had better see to those things, captain."

"I will," my lord. Gibson then proceeded: "The standing and running rigging is very defective, and the mainsail won't stand a puff."

"What do you mean?" asked Hovingham. "I understood her stores to be in perfect order."

“Why the truth is, my lord, she’s been very badly looked after; everything was put away in a hurry, and the sail loft was very damp; I don’t think she could have had a breath of air let into her during the winter, and the gig and dinky have been most scandalously treated; you will have, I fear, my lord, to order two new boats.” Whilst this conversation was going on, the truth of the statement was made apparent to the unfortunate owner, for one man was employed bailing out the gig, while another showed him the thin parts of the mainsail. “The after cabin leaks a little,” continued Gibson, “and the bull’s eye in the state room has got damaged somehow. It’s a sad pity, but by rights she ought to have been thoroughly caulked before the new chintz was put up.” Disgusted with what Hovingham had seen on deck, he dived below, and there found he had only escaped from Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis, for, on looking round, he found the beautiful new lining covered with mouldy marks. “The painter, too, has not




made a good job of it; he ought to have scraped off the old coating and ironed it down; you see, my lord, the stains there through the white, and the bulwarks and companion, which I forgot to call your attention to, are full of blisters; they had not time to dry; so the least touch or chafing will ruin them." Hovingham looked aghast when he saw the white and gold after-cabin speckled with buff-coloured marks of iron, giving the appearance of one of Sanger's best trained skew-bald horses. "The china door handles don't exactly fit, and one of the plates was cracked in putting on; they ought to have had a lining of wash leather." Hovingham was dumbfounded at the catalogue of grievances, when his tormentor continued, "I have made out a sort of list, and an estimate of what is necessary."

"Read it," Hovingham petulantly interrupted.

"An eighteen foot gig of elm, copper fastened, four ash oars, boat hook, mahogany back board, stretchers, brass crutches, head



and stern sheets, oak grating, six fenders, brass yoke, white lines, and iron davits, lug sail, mast, and yard—say thirty-five pounds. A twelve foot dingy complete, say twelve more. Touching the davits, we could manage to do without them by hoisting the gig up to a tackle to the shrouds for the stern, and another to the runner for the stern rings; but the davits would be very handy, and give a handsome appearance if galvanized. Mainsail coat, ours is completely worn out, and is as black as a collier's—say a five pound note; two new oval eight-gallon beakers, galvanized iron hoops, and water funnel, copper nozzle, about forty shillings; about five hundred weight of rope, at three pounds fifteen—eighteen pound fifteen. A new lamp to binnacle—that's a trifle; starboard bulwarks and companion want looking to; chain cable, ditto; two new fenders required, and a new warp. As for the painting, it will, of course, last this summer; but it does not look well. The decks and sides must be caulked."



Hovingham groaned aloud at this statement, not alone on account of the expense, but because he felt he should be detained for at least a fortnight in the Itchin river, Southampton, instead of attending the various regattas that were then going on.

At the expiration of the fortnight, Captain Gibson reported the "Rover" ready for sea, and having made up his mind to take her clean away from what has been for the last fifty years or more proverbially called "Yachting Waters," *id est* the Isle of Wight and its dependencies, Hovingham informed his skipper that he had made up his mind to finish the rest of the season in the Thames, but that having an appointment with a lawyer at Brighton, he should lay off the pier there for an hour or two.

Gibson opened his eyes wider than usual, remarking that as he was not acquainted with any of the landmarks, or sea ones either, further than Ramsgate, he hoped his lordship would take on board a river pilot, adding—"Better remain in the Solent or

keep to the westward, my lord ; lots of harbours there, all the way to Plymouth and Falmouth."

"You captains," responded Hovingham, "are all for idling away your time at Cowes; but that will not suit me."

Having laid in everything necessary for a week, and filled up the casks with water, they started with a light westerly wind and in the first of flood, reaching Brighton in due course, without any event worth recording. There Hovingham landed in his own boat, the new gig; and no small swell did he think himself, as he passed the crowded West Pier and took the beach, then as smooth as glass.

The conference with the man of law occupied him an hour longer than he had expected, and as he sat in his office he heard the wind blowing fiercely against the window, and, sure enough, when he strolled from the house it had increased to a strong gale from the south-east, dead on shore, and a sea was every moment getting up. The captain, cook (the latter a cripple from an accident

that had happened the day before), and a boy who acted as steward—the only hands left on board—could not attempt to reef or lower the gaff, the yacht being literally on a lee shore, and the ebb tide running. The tack of the mainsail was at its highest. Hovingham's men in the gig said it was a bad job; they did not think they could pull the boat off, even if the captain could succeed in stopping the "Rover's" way, and have her under command for the boat to get alongside.

"What will happen," asked his lordship, "if it blows harder, and he cannot get more help?"

"Why, my lord, I think he may just manage to make a leg of it on the port tack, and trail along the shore like, and weather away into Portsmouth, if so be the wind don't southern on him. Poor, poor thing, how she do lay down to it, gunwale under. The captain has got the foresail down, but he can't manage the jib; see how it be flapping; she's about right enough, and nothing split. There goes something up, its a whiff for the boat."

"I'd give a good deal," said his lordship, "to be on board and you two with me."

"Well, my lord, we can but try ; and if so be we can't reach her, why we may beach the boat again, although that's more dangerous than getting her off through this surf."

"Bless my soul !" exclaimed one of the men, "she won't weather the pier ; and the captain is coming as close as he can to look for help."

"What will happen if she does not weather the pier ?" .

"Why, my lord, she must take a stand off, but may miss stays."

"What then ?"

"Why, she'll come bang agen the pier, and if he can't make her fast stern foremost she must come on shore, agrinding her sides agen the pier the whole way."

"Come along," said Hovingham, "let us try and get off."

The boat's bow had been turned to the sea ; the men begged his lordship to sit in the stern, and, indifferent about a wetting,

launched her half a length, then stood stock still, placing the blades of their oars forward, and ready over the gunwale for instant use.

“What next?” asked Hovingham, seeing two tiers of nasty, curling rollers, each, as they broke, threatening to embrace him. They broke, however, with impunity, as far as he was concerned, their extremes merely reaching abreast of the after thwart, and washing up to the men’s knees where they stood.

“Well,” said the timid owner, “what next?”

“We be watching a smooth, my lord; we counts three good uns, and then tries; one, two, three—now Bill.” And away they walked, the boat going easily down the incline, and a good-natured beachman shoving at the stern with a long sprit of a boat’s sail, they got over the home roller pretty well, merely shipping spray as the men jumped in. Before, however, they could get their oars fairly at work, her bow (she was very slight and light) fell off to starboard; the star-

board oar, on which all then depended, broke above the blade, from the nervous and vigorous exertion of the puller. Off she went, broadside to the breaker, in a twinkling, and as it broke it nearly filled her, although luckily it did not turn her over. Slip, slap came the breakers; the men had jumped out, and were struggling with the painter for the shore, the water above their waists.

The same man who used the sprit to help to launch the boat, brought a boathook, to which the painter was made fast.

There was plenty of help, for all the sea-faring and bathing-machine men had assembled, behind whom, and higher up, were all the fashionables from the pier, among whom Hovingham was hauled, sitting like a drowned rat, in a most undignified state.

"Your yacht won't weather the puff if she bean't better handled," said an old pilot. "Why don't he reef, and set a smaller jib?"

"There's no help on board," said one of the men.

"Then the sooner there be some the better."

"What had I best do?" asked Hovingham, now for the first time really alarmed at the peril his wife was in.

"Why, go off in this large boat with half-a-dozen of us; we'll take you and your men for five pounds."

"Agreed, agreed," said Hovingham.

In next to no time they placed the gig in a great broad boat, and the owner again in the stern sheets, and, with the help of as many people as could line her sides, away they went. In jumped eight hands, including the two belonging to the "Rover," pulling strongly, without shipping a drop of water; and, once outside the two tiers of rollers, which were nothing to a large boat, but crushing evils to the little gig, they found the water comparatively smooth outside, the sea there not having had time to rise, and soon they reached the cutter, got the gig in, dropped the Brighton boat astern with two hands, while the other four went on board to



help, and receive the five pounds promised them.

In a few seconds three reefs were drawn in the mainsail, the foresail reefed, and fourth jib set. The yacht then was well under command on the port tack, and looking to weather away; the shoremen were paid, the boat gone, the foresheet drawn, and away went the "Rover" in gallant style, at the rate of seven knots, closely hauled.


\* \* \* \* \*

We must now return to Lady Hovingham, who, drenched to the skin, had sought refuge in her cabin.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, "you are safe," as she rushed into her husband's arms.

For a moment he showed some degree of feeling; but the leaven of selfishness was still strong upon him, for he exclaimed—

"Fool that I was, not to have insured the yacht, then, had you been ashore, I need not



have parted with my five pounds." Summer gales are proverbial for not lasting long, but while they do last they often blow harder than winter ones; this was the beginning of one which lasted all that evening, until sunrise the following morning. The captain augured ill to come from the fiery setting of the sun, for the weather was clear, the sky cloudless up to sunset; after that clouds began to rise, rather to the west of south than otherwise; and scarce had the sun dipped when the yacht broke off three points, literally fulfilling the prediction of the men, "of the wind so'thering on them."

The cutter was now dead on a lee shore, with the wind momentarily freshening at about south, not more than half a mile from the beach. Gibson said—

"We ought to take another reef down and set a smaller jib; but I'm most afraid we be too close in to try it."

"Better crack on," said Hovingham, grown reckless; "she'll stand it."

"Why," replied the captain, "the lee bul-

warks is under now, and there is wind enough for the trysail and spitfire, and when the flood, now making, comes up, won't there be a sea, that's all!"

Gibson dared not shorten sail, and with the beam swell they did nothing whatever toward hauling off shore, although apparently they held their own. The poor "Rover" seemed smothered; and every now and then, from being stoutly overpressed with canvas, they were compelled to down foresail and up tack.

To try and get the flood under their lee a little, and so help to draw to windward, they kept on the port tack until they got off Shoreham, where, breaking off another point, they were compelled to tack. The yacht came up to wind well, but just at the point of turn plunged bowsprit and half forecastle under, stopped dead, fell off again the wrong way, got stern way at a fearful rate, dipped counter under, and then bang over went the mainsail, as it filled, with a noise like a sixty-eight pounder; away went the strap of the

mainsheet, and, as the boom struck against the runner, crack it went in two, leaving the crutch half on board, and the other flying about in the air, to the dread of the men, who by this time had rushed for safety before the mast—the captain and Hovingham holding the end of the tiller rope.

It was a fearful position to be in ; no room to wear, if they did, the sail and boom to be dreaded. Gibson looked over the lee and said—

“ We must run for Shoreham,” which was close, “ to prevent worse consequences.”

So, righting the helm, he was able to keep the mainsail from coming over, as it would have done had he wore as he attempted. It was nearly high water, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the “ Rover ” crossed the bar, only shipping one sea ; in an instant she was in a mill-pond, so to speak, and in two minutes more under the lee of the eastern pier. They got the canvas down and clear of both piers, her head was brought up to wind and tide.

Fervently thanking Providence that nothing alive or dead was smashed but the main boom, one and all turned in for the night with grateful hearts.

On the following morning the captain reported the following casualties :—"Mainsail torn in many seams, and the bowsprit badly sprung;" the result was that Hovingham was detained in Shoreham Harbour for eight-and-forty hours, and was put to the expense of five-and-twenty pounds for sundry repairs and a new Riga spar. On the third day the "Rover" was pronounced ready for sea.

"We shall be obliged to have a steamer to tow us out," said Gibson.

"Another drain on my purse," Hovingham inwardly ejaculated. "Verily, yachting is an expensive amusement."

After consulting with his wife, a fit of economy came across him; and, thoroughly disheartened with his ill-fortune, he determined to return to Southampton, pay off the crew, and sell the yacht.

Thanks to a favouring breeze, the "Rover"

---

reached Southampton waters in safety, and within a week had changed owners, Hovingham finding himself a loser of some hundreds of pounds by the sale.





## CHAPTER XII.

A truant disposition, good, my lord.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE month of December, 187—, was unquestionably one in which the English sportsman could enjoy little or no amusement. Snow and frost had put an end to hunting, and the game at Riversdale was so scarce that Lord Hovingham gave the wretched remnant of it a jubilee.

Under these circumstances, the weather on the Continent being telegraphed "tolerably fair," the noble lord proposed a trip to the South of France, to which his wife gave her willing consent.

"How kind of you, Frank, to think of me. I have longed wished to visit Bordeaux.

Little did she think that self, and self alone, had suggested the movement. Hovingham's

doctor had recommended change of air, as the only cure of a somewhat painful cough ; moreover, he wished to lay in a stock of wine, at the least possible cost. Upon reaching Paris, they drove to the Grand Hotel du Louvre.

Margaret was delighted with all she saw in Paris, more especially the theatres, the museums, the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

After passing a week in the "City of Frivolity" (as it has been called), our travellers started on their journey to the vinous city, armed with a very useful publication, entitled, "A Guide from Paris to Bordeaux." Lady Hovingham marked every spot of interest, which she noted down in her diary.

"I think," said Frank, "when you return home you must publish your journal. We have had 'Mayfair to Marathon,' 'Bermondsey to Babelsmandel,' 'Cornhill to Cairo,' and probably shall have 'Belgravia to Berlin,' 'Tyburnia to the Tyrol,' 'Whitechapel to Wiesbaden,' 'Brompton to Bethabara,'



‘Kensington to Kissengen,’ ‘Hammersmith to Hong Kong,’ and ‘Pimlico to Pekin.’ To carry out the alliteration, suppose you call yours ‘Grosvenor Street to the Garonne.’”

As Lady Hovingham’s journal never did appear, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to give extracts from it :—

“December 10th.—Left Paris at 8 A.M. ; reached Choisy, formerly an insignificant village on the Seine, inhabited only by a few fishermen and boatmen, but raised to importance by Madame Montpensier, who built a *château* on its banks—the scene of many a sad moment when this ill-fated lady mourned the absence of Lauzun, and where she was subjected to the scornful reproach of her lover, when, upon throwing herself at his feet, exclaiming, ‘Return to me, who love you so passionately,’ she was met with the unfeeling answer, ‘Louise of Orleans, you are wrong to weep, for it makes you older and uglier than ever.’

“Athis and Mons are interesting, from

the fact of Louis XI. and Phillippe le Bel having resided at the former. Near Juvisy is the hamlet of Fromenteau, where on the 30th March, 1814, Napoleon I. received a despatch informing him of the capitulation of Paris. At Essonnes is the house built and inhabited by Bernardin de St. Pierre, and at the Pont des Belles Fontaines a monument records the public works executed by Louis XV. in the construction of a new road—works which, in our days, would not merit so high eulogium as the one I refer to—

Ludovicus XV. Rex Christianissimus  
Viam hanc difficilem, ardeam ac pene inviam,  
Scissis disjectisque rupibus,  
Explanato colla, ponte et aggeribus constructis, planam  
Rotabilem et amœnam fieri curavit. 1728.

“ We next approached Montlhéry, with its ancient castle and tower, and shortly afterwards reached Étampes. From this town to Orleans the road is replete with picturesque villages, and the forest which encircles the hamlet of Cercottes is extremely grand. Upon reaching the Orleans station, we found

---

*déjeûner à la fourchette*, and, as it was so good and so admirably well-served, I must record it: *Pièds à la poulette, côtelettes à la Dauphine, Poularde sauté aux champignons, bœuf (froid) à la gelée; pommes de terre, Haricot blancs, dessert, vin ordinaire*. Price three francs per head—half-a-crown English money. I thought of the Mugby refreshment room, so graphically sketched by Charles Dickens. We decided on passing a night at the Hôtel de la Boule d'Or at Orleans. The entrance from the railway has nothing to command attention; but on approaching it from the south, over a fine bridge of nine arches across the Loire, it is noble and striking. Apart from historical recollections, the city has not much to recommend it, for the streets, with some few exceptions, are narrow and the houses small; there is, however, one handsome street which conducts from the bridge, and is composed of splendid modern buildings. In this stands the celebrated monument where Charles VII. and Joan of Arc are represented kneeling


before the body of our Saviour, extended on the Virgin's lap. In the Hôtel de Ville is a portrait of the same extraordinary woman, painted in 1851.

“From Orleans to Menars the country is not very picturesque. Passing St. Ay, Meung and Beaugency, we reached Menars, which was the seat of Madame Pompadour, who at her death bequeathed it to her only brother, the Marquis de Meringy. The situation of the *château*, on a range of hills overhanging the Loire, is of unequalled beauty. Blois, which we next approached, is one of the most picturesque towns in this part of the country—so striking, that La Fontaine described it as one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It contains a Cathedral, an Episcopal Palace, the Church of Notre Dame and the Beauvois Tower, with its ancient dungeons.

“The Castle itself is replete with historical associations. Within its walls, Louis the Twelfth was born ; in it were solemnised the nuptials of Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry

the Fourth; here Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, and Mary de Medici were imprisoned, and the Duke and Cardinal de Guise were sacrificed to the vengeance of Henry III.; where Valentine of Melanc, Anne of Bretagne, first wife to Louis XII. (his second being Mary, sister to Henry VIII. of England), where Claude, daughter of Anne of Bretagne and Catherine de Medici, renowned for her genius and her crimes, expired. Throughout the building may be traced the cyphers and devices of succeeding monarchs—the porcupine of Louis XII., the salamander in the flames of Francis, and the moon (in the form of a crescent) of his son Henry; the gallery constructed by Henri Quatre, and the elms planted by Catherine de Medici still recall the splendour of bygone days.

“ The Castle stands on a rock, immediately above the Loire. Here the ancient Counts of Blois resided, and erected the first *château*, of which no remains, except a large round tower, now exist. Guy, last Count of



Chatillon, sold it to Louis, Duke of Orleans, brother to Charles VI., who was afterwards murdered at Paris. From him it descended to his grandson, Louis XII.

“Among the curiosities of this venerable pile is the apartment in which Henry, Duke de Guise, was assassinated ; the tower of Château-Regnaud, famed for the murder of the Cardinal de Guise ; the dungeon in which he passed the night previous to his execution.

“There is some degree of interest attached to the Episcopal Palace, it having been the residence of proud “Austria’s mournful flower,” Marie Louise, and the young King of Rome, in 1815. Chambord, the far-famed palace of Francis I., stands on the southern side of the Loire. Within its walls the above monarch entertained the Emperor Charles V. Here, too, on a pane of glass in the small cabinet near the chapel, were the two sarcastic lines written by Francis I.—

Souvent femme Varie,  
Bien fol est qui sy fie.

“Amboise, Chanteloup, Chenonceaux, Loches, are towns all worthy of notice; but we passed too rapidly through them to enable me to do them justice. Tours, where we remained two days, boasts of a very noble stone bridge, of fifteen arches, a Cathedral, Charlemagne's Tower, the Palais de Justice, a Public Library and Museum. Here we were most hospitably entertained by Monsieur Scutier and his amiable wife. As a matter of course, we devoted a few hours to Plessis les Tours, immortalised by Walter Scott in ‘Quentin Durwand.’

“At Châtellerault we visited the manufactory of arms and cutlery. We then proceeded to Poitiers, where we were most cordially welcomed by Monsieur Outellet, who met us at the station, and told us that we were to remain with him at his town house until the following day, when we were to visit him at his country *château*. Our dinner party consisted of the host and hostess, their young and beautiful daughter, about to be married, the commandant of the regiment.

quartered there, and a young subaltern, who we soon discovered was the future bridegroom. The evening was delightful—a more agreeable one I never passed.

“Having risen early, we visited the Park, Cathedral, Church, and Tomb of Sainte Randegonde, Saint Porchaire, le Lycée, museum and ruins of the Roman amphitheatre.

“The spot that interested me most was l’Hôtel de la Rose, where Joan of Arc was domiciled during her residence at Poitiers. At 11 o’clock we entered our host’s well-appointed barouche, and, having stopped a few minutes to witness the scene of the siege of this town by Coligny in 1569, we proceeded to thé Château de la Chaboissière, passing, as we afterwards ascertained, within a short distance of the ground where, in 1356, the son of Edward of England vanquished the troops under John of France. The farm called Maupertuis by historians is now known as La Cardinerie.

“Monsieur Outellet is devoted to the chase,



whether partridge or snipe-shooting, or stag-hunting. His four-horse 'drag' (I had written 'carriage,' but Frank, who is looking over my shoulder, corrected me) would be a valuable acquisition to the London Coaching Club.

"After an excellent *déjeûner*, we visited the farm, the kennels, the stables, which occupied our time until our return to Poitiers, and being anxious to reach Bordeaux that night, we took leave of our kind friends, reaching our destination about eight o'clock that night.

" 'The silver moon,' as Home describes it, 'unclouded held its way through skies where I could count each little star,' which, added to the brilliant gas, and lights of the shipping, quite illuminated the town. Crossing the bridge, we drove up to the Hôtel de France, where we ordered supper. We then strolled to the magnificent theatre, where Linda de Chamoni and a very pretty ballet amply repaid our visit. Bordeaux, to my mind, is the finest city I ever saw. Situated

---

on the banks of the Garonne, it describes the figure of a crescent more than three miles in length, the buildings of which, near the water-side, are lofty, substantial and elegant. The bridge, composed of seventeen arches, is conspicuous for its exquisite masonry, and from it may be had as fine a view as can possibly be seen in Europe—the town on one side, with its magnificent cathedral, ancient gates, important quays, splendid public buildings, broad streets, well laid out gardens, fine squares, venerable ruins, interesting monuments, picturesque churches and charitable institutions; beneath you, shipping of every nation, from the small coaster to the leviathan Brazilian merchantman; and, on the opposite side of the city, a range of hills—covered with woods, vineyards, hamlets, cottages, churches—extend some miles. The beauty of the view, and the fertility of the adjoining country, were probably the causes which induced the Romans to lay the foundation of this city. The only regret I feel is that our journey was in winter,

for I could picture to myself the beautiful effect that would be produced on a bright sunny day during the summer or autumn, under a blue sky, the hills covered with vines and the valleys so rich and fertile, as scarcely to require the industry of the peasant to produce the most plentiful crops; the trees in full verdure, the vines luxuriant and bending with the weight of the grapes, reminding one of Milton's lines—

Or they led the vine,  
To wed her elm; she round about him throws  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower, th' adopted clusters to adorn  
His barren leaves.

“ Here I am interrupted by the entrance of Frank, who puts an end to my enthusiasm by saying—

“ ‘ Margy, my dear, what did we pay M. Gallois for that dreadful stuff he called vin de Bordeaux, which was full of Beni Carlos and other abominable strong drugs? ’

“ ‘ I really forget,’ I responded.

“ ‘I hope you have enjoyed your drive, my dear; Bordeaux is all very well, but I cannot do without the creature comforts. During your absence I had a stunning lunch—oysters, grilled trout, and a bottle of Château Margaux. There, ring the bell, Margy, and order what the waiter calls *de lonchon*; we will then go to Guestiers, Pavé des Chartrons; his cellars are perfect, and I shall lay in a good stock.’ ”

They remained four days at Bordeaux, during which time Frank passed the best part of the day looking into the shop windows, and visiting the cellars of Cruse, Johnston, and others, taking not the slightest interest in the museums and other public buildings.

Two days after their arrival, the waiter entered the room, and informed Lady Hovingham that a young English girl, who declined to give her name, was anxious to see Mi Lord.

“His lordship,” responded Margaret,

"has gone to the Quay to ascertain the best way of sending some wine to England, but I expect him home to luncheon."

"The lady requested me to give his lordship this letter," continued the *garçon*, with that indiscretion not usual in such servants "and will wait for an answer."

"It is a pity to keep her waiting," said Lady Hovingham; "perhaps I can answer it. Pray request the young person to sit down, and I will ring for you presently."

"*Tres bien, Madame*," and the obsequious waiter left the room.

"Some petition for a subscription to build a new church," thought Margaret, as she opened the letter. "Can I believe my eyes?" she wildly exclaimed. "Frank a father, and the mother appealing to him to inform her of his child's health. This is too, too sad," and burning tears fell on the paper. What was to be done? Was she to see the writer to hear from her lips the sad tale, or should she wait until her husband returned?

Over and over again she read the letter, which ran as follows :—

“HONOURED SIR,—

“It is now nearly six months since I have heard of my darling child ; when last Aunt Hernis wrote, the poor dear was suffering from a slight attack of measles. Although I promised Mr. Forbes, your lawyer, not to trouble you with any application for money, and which I have carefully attended to ; I feel that I am not doing wrong in asking you whether you have heard lately of my little girl ; the quarter’s allowance was due last month, and probably my aunt had an interview with Mr. Forbes. The agony of mind that I have suffered will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for troubling you. I am staying at the Château Raventhal, about a mile from the city, with Mrs. Fairholme, but can call at your hotel at any hour you will name.

“SUSAN DOBSON.”

For a few moments Margaret remained in a state of stupor, her eyes still fixed on the letter; she was roused from her reverie by the re-appearance of the waiter, who informed her that the young lady could remain no longer.

"Tell her," said Margaret, in a hurried tone, still attempting to curb her feelings, "that Lord Hovingham will be at home from three till five this afternoon, and that he will be happy to grant her an interview. You need not mention my name."

"*Tres bien, Madame,*" responded Philippe.

Hovingham returned to the hotel for luncheon in high spirits, as his friend Mr. Johnston had sent him a bottle of very superior La Rose claret, of which he had only a few dozen left.


"Why, what has happened, Margy?" he enquired; "you look as if the whole cares of the world were upon you. Cheer up, my beauty; I have done my business at the Quay most satisfactorily, and as I know you like an opera, I have secured two stalls for

to-night; they give the *Fidelio* and the new ballet of *Flore et Zephyr*."

Had the hotel been a Palace of Truth, Margaret would have known that it was the ballet to please himself and not the opera to please her that had induced Hovingham to secure the stalls.

"I have a slight headache," proceeded Margaret, which I hope will go off presently."

Lady Hovingham so far commanded her feelings that luncheon passed off quietly, and no further allusion was made to the subject. She then retired, as she said, to lay down, but really to write a letter to her lord and master. In this she recapitulated all that had occurred, explaining the cause of her opening the letter, which she enclosed in hers, adding that the subject was one too dreadful to dwell upon; that she lamented his want of candour in concealing the facts that had so unexpectedly come to her knowledge, and giving her free consent to his seeing the unfortunate creature whose ruin could be traced to him.





This brought a most penitential reply, in which he did not attempt to palliate his crime or his want of candour, but threw himself on the mercy of his dear wife, and on his knees would plead for pardon. In a postscript he added that the child had never recovered from its attack of measles, but that the allowance to the aunt, who had taken care of the little girl would, with his wife's approval, be continued.

Weak as Lady Hovingham will be regarded by her sex, she fully and freely forgave her husband, and proposed seeing the wretched mother upon the following morning, and breaking the sad intelligence to her.

To account for Aunt Hernis' letters announcing the sad event having miscarried, I have only to say that clever as are the postal authorities in deciphering difficult hand writing, no expert could have made out the hieroglyphic characters of the address in question. It was thus directed :—"Susan Dobson, The Potters, France"—meaning Poitiers, where Mrs. Fairholme once re-

sided ; the next was equally unintelligible and ran as follows :—" Susan Dobson, Bord Hucks, France"—some friend having thus pronounced Bordeaux.

When Margaret entered the room previous to the dinner being served, she met Hovingham with a kindly smile, somewhat tinged with melancholy ; but on his making towards her, falling upon his knees, and beseeching pardon, she imprinted a kiss on his forehead, and said—

" Let the past be forgotten. Pledge your word of honour never to see," she could hardly utter the words, " Susan again. I will myself see Mrs. Fairholme under the pretence of communicating through her to her maid the death of her child, and if I find she has conducted herself well, I will take care that the poor creature shall never want."

" I pledge my sacred word," responded Frank, " and never can I forget your noble, generous conduct."

Upon the following morning Lady Hovingham broke to Susan Dobson the sad news of

her child's death, and by her kind and gentle manner soothed, in a great degree, the mourner. She then accompanied her to Mrs. Fairholme's, where she received the most satisfactory replies to her questions respecting the bereaved mother's character. On taking leave, Lady Hovingham presented Susan with a handsome present, promising to renew the same annually so long as she conducted herself as she had done since she had entered service.

Shortly after the above adventure the Hovinghams returned to England.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story of Susan Dobson is soon told. Our readers are already acquainted with the idle life Francis Hovingham led at Riversdale previous to his getting his commission in the army, when he was allowed to do whatever he liked by his father, and was sadly neglected by his tutor; no wonder then that this idle life led to dissipation. While Mr.

Nasbeth enjoyed his mild Havannah in the snug parlour of the Wheatsheaf, young Hovingham devoted himself to all the pretty girls in the village; and when the vicar of the parish warned his lordship of the life his son was leading, the only reply he received was, "boys will be boys, and the vices of large cities are unknown here."

Notwithstanding all the encomiums of a rural life, which have been sown so thick in the writings of poets and philosophers, we do not, in this degenerate age, think ourselves sure to breathe the pure air of innocence and simplicity the moment we have got out of the smoke of London; we do not perceive a gradual descension of vice at every stage from the metropolis, or discover morality upon every haystack.

The curly-headed ploughboy who whistles o'er the lea,

the rural tiller of the soil, nay, even the tender of sheep, for whom we have so much respect in pastoral and romance, does not excite our veneration more than the London

*gamin*, or cab driver. The very milkmaid, with her rosy face and pail on her head, whose face is her fortune, engages our sympathy little more than her fellow labourers who carry the yoke about our London streets; and so far are we from expecting to find the manners of the golden age prevail among our rustics that we see without surprise some rural bumpkin condemned to the gallows for the murder of his wife, and some gentle Phillis expiating her crimes in a penal settlement. Although we are far from condemning a whole class for the faults of a few, and think that the scorn of the world ought to be hurled against the perpetrator not the victim of ruined innocence, one cannot blind oneself to the fact that through vanity many a rural maiden finds herself—

A Child of Shame—stern Justice adds, of Sin.

Such was the case with Susan, the much-loved daughter of Ralph Dobson, who, for years, had been an under-gamekeeper on the

---

Hovingham estate. Susan Dobson fully realised the lines of Crabbe :—

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas Fair,  
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there,  
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired :  
Courteous, though coy, and gentle though retired ;  
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,  
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.  
A native skill her simple robes express'd,  
As with untutor'd elegance she dressed.  
The lads around admired so fair a sight,  
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave delight.

Well would it have been for Susan Dobson had she followed the advice given to Phœbe in the poem—

Ay ! fly temptation, youth, refrain ! refrain !  
Each yielding maid, and each presuming swain.

Unfortunately, however, in an evil hour she met Frank Hovingham, then recently appointed to a cornetcy in the gallant 90th Hussars, and in a weak moment—

Gave—not her hand—but ALL she could she gave.

The distress of her father cannot be described ; in a fit of despair he sold all his

worldly goods, and left his home to find employment in a foreign land. There, in less than a month, he found relief in death from all his griefs.

A kind-hearted lady in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Brierley, wife of the vicar, hearing of Susan's distress of mind, sought an interview with her, and exhorted her to repent of the past, to amend her life, and with a contrite heart seek forgiveness from above. How many would have spurned this poor, fallen creature from their door; how few are to be found who could bear the divine test: "He that is without sin let him first cast a stone."

Mrs. Brierley's sister, a great invalid, who resided in the South of France, was anxious to find some young girl to wait upon her, so as to share the duties of a sick couch with her own maid. Hearing of this, Mrs. Brierley lost no time in laying the case of poor Susan Dobson before her sister, who, with a kindness of feeling that reflected the greatest credit upon her heart, at once consented to receive her.

Removed from the neighbourhood of Riversdale to the house of an aunt residing at Finchley, Susan gave birth to a child, and an appeal being made to Frank Hovingham, he authorised his lawyer to provide amply for the support of his offspring. With tears in her eyes Susan Dobson took leave of her child and left England for the South of France. Here she was most kindly received by Mrs. Fairholme, who fully avoided any topic which would in the slightest degree hurt the feelings of the poor girl, or remind her of the past.







## CHAPTER XIII.

Believe me, dear aunt,  
If you rave thus, and rant,  
You'll never a lover persuade;  
The men will all fly,  
And leave you to die,  
Oh terrible chance!—an old maid.

BICKERSTAFF.

BEFORE introducing Miss Hovingham to our readers, let me take a survey of the circumstances which usually attend the old maid at the time of her first acquiring that title. If she has received a lady-like education, it is probable that after having passed the sprightly years of youth in the comfortable mansion of an opulent father, she at his death is reduced to the shelter of some contracted lodging in a country town, attended by a single female servant, and with difficulty living on the interest of two or three thousand pounds,

---

reluctantly and perhaps irregularly paid to her by an avaricious or extravagant elder son, who considers such payment as a heavy incumbrance on his paternal estate. Such is the condition in which the unmarried daughters of many English gentlemen are too frequently found. To support this change of situation, with that cheerfulness and content which several of these fair sufferers possess, requires a noble firmness, or rather dignity of mind ; a quality which many illustrious men have failed to exhibit in a similar reverse, and which ought therefore to be doubly honourable in these its more delicate possessors ; particularly when the mortifications of their narrow income must be considerably embittered by their disappointment in the great object of female hope, for it may justly be supposed, that it is the natural wish and expectation of every amiable girl to settle happily in marriage ; the failure then of this expectation, from whatever causes it may arise, must be inevitably attended by many unpleasant, and depressive sensations. If

her heart has been peculiarly formed by nature to cling to and adorn the most endearing and delightful of all human connections, she will the more feel the cruelty of that chance which has deprived her of it; and hard as such a destiny must appear, her misery will frequently rise in proportion to those merits which entitled her to happiness. A frame of glowing sensibility requires a proper field for the exercise and expansion of all its generous affections; and when this is denied it, such obstruction will often occasion the very worst of evils, a sort of stagnation both in heart and soul, a disorder for which language can find no name, and which being a compound of mental and bodily distemper, is more dreadful to support, and perhaps more difficult to cure than any distinct maladies either of mind or body. To sensations of this kind, may be attributed that envy and ill-nature which spinsters are too often unjustly accused of. It is a common idea, or rather a vulgar prejudice, that old maids are peculiarly infected with the above

---

hateful qualities, but we are firmly persuaded, than in the circle of every one's acquaintance, many may be found who are not only free from these detestable characteristics, but eminently graced with the very opposite virtues. If in speaking of old maids collectively, we admit them to be curious, we may at least apologise for the sisterhood by observing that they are not more curious than every class of beings who stand in a similar predicament. In the fine arts, it has been remarked through every age, that envy rarely fails to infect the tribe of unsuccessful adventurers. In painting and sculpture, in music, and every branch of literature, the most exquisite productions of genius have been insulted by the envious and malevolent strictures of disappointed vanity. Now the fair sex may be considered as students in the most important and delicate of all arts—the art of pleasing; and as a matter of course the old maid may be reckoned in the number of unsuccessful artists, when she has lost the chance of obtaining that honourable prize,

which she has probably exerted her utmost skill to acquire, and which is generally bestowed on every tolerable proficient in the art that she endeavoured to practise.

Considered in this point of view, the spinster has generally a more reasonable ground for discontent than the neglected painter or poet. The applause of the public is not often misplaced; those laurel wreaths which are the chief excitement, and frequently the sole reward of genius, are commonly bestowed by the hand of Justice herself, but the chaplets of Hymen are prominently distributed by interest, ambition, fortune, or caprice.

The Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Miss Hovingham or "Aunt Harriet," the name she was known by throughout the neighbourhood, was the only sister of our hero's father. She had been left with a small competency, and resided in a cottage close to the lodge of Riversdale Park. No sooner had she been informed of her nephew's marriage than she sat down to address all her female friends, with a view of

getting a thorough insight into her future niece's character, and that of her family at large. In reply she heard that the reverend John Charleville was a very pious member of the Low Church, that his daughters had been kept in utter seclusion, never being allowed to mix in any society except that of serious people, but that they both looked for the time when they should be emancipated from such thralldom; that Mrs. Charleville was a kind amiable woman, a little more worldly in her ideas than her reverend husband approved of. Miss Hovingham was at heart a High Church woman, correct almost to prudery, and had an intense horror of anything that approached to "fastness," especially among her own sex. As her principal correspondents were ladies, it may readily be supposed, knowing Aunt Harriet's propensity for gossip, that some sly innuendoes formed not a little portion of the ingredients of the letters.

"Some people say," wrote the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Mrs. Palliser, "that Mr. Charleville has received a hint from the Bishop that his attacks

on our party are not in accordance with Christian charity." While Mrs. Wheeler wrote to say—"So virulent were our rector's remarks against the High Church, in his sermons last Sunday week, that we have some idea of leaving his church." "As for his eldest daughter, people do say," wrote another, "that there was a certain noble lord with whom she was smitten, and who used to meet her occasionally in her walks, but that she would not answer for the truth of the report." "As for Miss Margaret," wrote one who had an eye for Hovingham herself, "we know 'still water runs deep,' and though, to use a homely phrase, she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, a gallant officer might perhaps enlighten us upon the subject." "Mrs. Charleville," said another, "would, if she had her own way, introduce more lively visitors than those who at present form the circle of this serious family, not that I endorse this view, for I entertain the highest respect for her."

After hearing the above remarks, it will

readily be supposed that when the nephew first personally informed his aunt of the step he was about to take, that his reception was rather the north side of friendly.

“With your worldly ideas, my dear Francis,” said Miss Hovingham, “I fear the connection you have sought will not eventually tend to your happiness. According to Mr. Charleville’s views—and for all I know to the contrary, he may be perfectly right—his daughters are more fit for a nunnery than to take part in society. I abominate the fast girl of the period, still the bow may be drawn too tight, and with your future father-in-law’s Church ideas, I fear your selection will not prove a happy one!”

“I would bow to your decision in almost everything, dearest Aunt Harriet, but in the choice of a wife I must be left free,” said Hovingham.

“Wilful man must have his way,” responded Miss Hovingham. “All I can say is, that as your wife, she will always find a friend in me, and as I understand you are



engaged, pray give her, with my best love, the enclosed pearl necklace, which was left me by my mother ; I have long since given up wearing such ornaments."

"Thank you a thousand times," said Frank, "you were always the most generous creature in the world."

This conversation took place when Frank Hovingham's marriage was declared; and when Lady Hovingham, as a bride, first visited Riversdale, Aunt Harriet's reception, if not warm, was most cordial. By the above it will be seen that Miss Hovingham's nature was kind and benevolent; she was not exempt from some of the foibles brought against the sisterhood. The chief characteristics of her mind were curiosity, which has been unjustly attributed to the sex at large, and meddlesomeness—I borrow the latter phrase, which is a most expressive one from a most able article on the "Life of the Prince Consort" in the *Westminster Review*. Her insatiate thirst for gossip, her frantic desire to hear all that was going on, and much that was

really not going on, her sieve-like propensities to repeat all the tittle-tattle of the day, and her interference with everybody and everything had created many enemies and gained her very few friends.





## CHAPTER XIV.

Consider, ere you make the bet  
That sum might cross your tailor's debt ;  
When you the pilfering rattle shake,  
Is not your honour, too, at stake ?  
Must you not by mean lies evade  
To-morrow's duns from every trade ;  
By promises so often paid.  
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd ?  
Must you not pitifully fawn  
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn ?  
This must be done—In debts of play,  
Your honour suffers no delay ;  
And not this year's and next year's rent  
The sons of rapine can content.  
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,  
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold !

GAY.

IN early days Aunt Harriet had a love affair which embittered her future life. Among the visitors at Riversdale Park, during her father's life, was a young fellow, the son of a neighbouring squire, who had been brought up under the idea that he was to inherit the estate and

a large fortune. At Westminster his extravagance was unbounded, and at Oxford he indulged in every kind of dissipation. His wine parties were eagerly sought after by congenial spirits, where drinking and gambling were carried on to a frightful extent.

At last Horace Stanton—such was his name—was had up before the Dean and rusticated. Unfortunately for him, the Squire met with a severe accident out hunting, which terminated in his death. No sooner was the funeral over than the heir found himself the possessor of some five thousand a year, and two thousand pounds in the banker's hands. Oxford tradesmen, London money-dealers, many of whom had post obits on the Squire's life, now became clamorous for payment. Had Horace looked into his affairs, and retrenched his expenses, all in a few years would have been set straight; but he preferred a life of reckless extravagance.

Establishing himself in rooms in the Albany, he opened house to all, and soon—to adopt a French idiom—"eat up" the

best part of his fortune. There was, by dint of raising additional money, funds enough to enable him to entertain a shooting party at Henfield Manor House, which was within a few miles of Riversdale Park.

Lord Hovingham, not having heard of this scapegrace's career, invited him and one of his college chums to pass Christmas with him, and as Horace Stanton's party had broken up, the invitation was gladly accepted.

"I say, old fellow," exclaimed Horace to his friend, young Charley Rushton, who had been rusticated from Cambridge, "we must mind what we are about; the peer has a horror of gambling, so no 'blind hookey' or 'hazard.'"

"All right," responded his "pal," "we'll put on a demure look, discuss the Corn Laws with his lordship, listen to his prosy talk, compliment him on his admirable speech on the Poor Laws, and praise his old port wine, of which he takes every opportunity of saying 'there's not a headache in a hogshead.'"

"Miss Hovingham is, I hear, a nice girl,"

continued Horace; "and some say that she will inherit a pretty large fortune from an old uncle of hers."

"There's a chance for you, Horace," said Charley.

"All very well," replied Stanton; "but I don't like waiting for dead men's shoes. Parchment and a handsome settlement for me."

Fully primed with these ideas, the youths made their appearance at Riversdale Park, and acting up to their professions soon won the heart of the owner of it.

"I expect my son here next week," said his lordship, as he told his venerable butler to be very careful in decanting a bottle of beeswing port. "He is being coached; rather a fast lot at his tutor's, I fear."

"I hope and believe not," answered Horace, with a mawworm expression of countenance. "A fast fellow or two gives a school a bad name; but it seems hard that the whole body should suffer for the faults of a few."

“A noble sentiment,” said his lordship, “and one that does you infinite credit.”

Rushton then—as the turfites say—“took up the running”—

“At Trinity Hall, Cambridge, we got into great disgrace in consequence of a Proctor being told that bacharat, écarte, and five pound points whist were nightly carried on. For bacharat he should have read backgammon; for écarte, chess; and for five pound point whist, penny stamps double on the rubber.”

“I rejoice, my young friends,” continued the host, “to find that you steer clear of such practices. Gambling may truly be said to be the root of all evil. Pass the bottle, Mr. Stanton, one glass more.”

“There’s not a headache in a hogshead,” replied Horace, thus adopting this pet phrase of Lord Hovingham’s. “And now, suppose we join your daughter,” politely added Stanton.

Harriet Hovingham, at the period we write of, was a remarkably pretty girl, a per-

fect type of a daughter of our isle ; a profusion of light hair curled naturally, and hung gracefully over her well-formed shoulders, her eyes were of a lovely blue, her teeth were white as ivory, and the glow of health mantled on her cheeks. Her figure was graceful, and there was a joyous look about her that captivated the hearts of all who came in contact with her.

No wonder, then, that Horace Stanton after a time became enamoured of this child of Nature, and, to do him justice, thought more of her for her own sake than of the fortune already hinted at.

Happily, young Hovingham took greatly to Stanton, who talked to him of Eton in Keats's time, described the Montem, the fancy dresses, and the manner in which "black mail," or rather "salt," was levied on that auspicious day.

Stanton, who had pulled stroke in the Monarch on the 4th of June, and had formed one of the eleven in the match against Harrow, discoursed of Surly Hall, boating,



cricket, and the playing fields, and, though many years older, soon became inseparable with his newly-formed "chum."

In this instance, and for a time, the course of love ran smooth, and Horace, who had become a wiser man, communed with himself as to whether he should propose to Harriet Hovingham. He fully believed that his love was reciprocated, and from the kind manner in which he was treated by Lord Hovingham, felt that he should meet with no opposition in that quarter. The difficulty he considered might be with respect to proper settlements, for Rushton, who did not at all fancy losing so agreeable and useful a bachelor acquaintance, had delicately hinted that the property was very heavily mortgaged, and that there were a great many outstanding debts, which must be settled before any matrimonial arrangements could be entered into.

"I think, Horace," said he, "you had better consult some clever London solicitor, one that is thoroughly acquainted with the tricks of the money-lenders.

"A capital idea," responded Stanton; "but I know no one of the class you mention. Our family solicitor, Mottram, is an awful prig, and would be shocked if he knew that I had ever flown a kite. I was obliged to keep the post obits dark from him, and if he knew that to meet them I had gone to Nat Jacobs, I should never bear the last of it."

"Well, old chum, I know one fellow, Wishaw by name, rather a shady character, I fear; still he got Broughton, of Trinity, and Shipley, of Pembroke, out of their difficulties; and though he's a bit of a rascal himself, he'll take care no one else shall rob you,"

"Suppose we go up next week," said Horace; "we can be back on the 6th for the county ball."

"Agreed, agreed," responded Charley. "I'll write him a few lines asking him to appoint a day on which we can see him."

"And I'll tell our worthy host that we shall only be away a week at the utmost, on

urgent private affairs. Here comes Miss Hovingham. I'll break the news at once to her, and she can convey it to the governor."

This was accordingly done, and on the morning of departure Lord Hovingham, in taking leave, said—

"I depend on you, my young friends, to be back here to dinner on the 5th, and the carriage shall meet the ten o'clock train from Waterloo."

"A thousand thanks," exclaimed Stanton and Rushton. "I forgot," continued Horace, "I've left my travelling bag in the dressing-room."

Off he rushed, and as he entered that room Harriet Hovingham met him at the door.

"I was just coming to you with this bag," said the blushing girl. Whether those blushes were increased when the lovers bid one another farewell must be left to the imagination of the reader.

To Harriet, during Horace Stanton's absence, as she confided to a female friend, the "earth appeared as without a sun."

Upon reaching London, Stanton and Rushton drove to Long's Hotel, where dinner was ordered for seven o'clock, as they had telegraphed for stalls at the Gaiety Theatre. When about to sit down to dinner, they were joined by a young cornet of Hussars, who had known Rushton at college.

"Let me introduce you to a friend of mine—Horace Stanton, Arthur Darlaston—Arthur Darlaston, Horace Stanton—and now, suppose we join tables."

This was accordingly done, and, after imbibing a considerable quantity of Moët's best champagne, and a cigarette, Bachi and Baccy plenus, they left for the Gaiety.

"What say you," said Darlaston, "to a grilled bone at my Club after the play?"

"We cannot do better," responded the others, so to the Club they proceeded, and, after a devilled turkey, and a bottle or two of Lafitte, they retired to the card-room and cut in for a rubber of whist, five pound points and five-and-twenty on the rubber. Stanton was unsuccessful, and, after dropping

two hundred pounds, got up to leave the room.

“You shall have your revenge,” said Darlaston. “What say you to a little hazard?”

“All right,” replied the victim. “Waiter, bring me the backgammon board and some dice.”

The order was obeyed, and to a snug, quiet corner of the room the two adjourned. At first the stakes were small, but shortly they reversed the order of “small by degrees, and beautifully less,” for they increased greatly, and at the end of the evening, Horace found himself a loser of upward of a thousand pounds. After a feverish night, Rushton appeared at his bedside, and told him that he had made an appointment with Mr. Wishaw for two o’clock. Dressing himself, and calling for a glass of brandy and soda, the two drove in a hansom to the lawyer’s offices in Spring Gardens. Here they were received by Mr. Wishaw’s clerk, shown into a waiting-room, and told that Mr. Wishaw would be disengaged in a few minutes.

Horace had formed his ideas of a solicitor's office from the dingy, dark den in which Mr. Mottram, the family lawyer, carried on his business in Essex Street. Instead of a small, dark room, called the waiting-room, a dreary, dusty office in which the chief sat, tables covered with papers, and cupboards filled with tin cases, a slatternly boy, and a few care-worn clerks, Stanton found in Spring Gardens the waiting-room furnished with sofas, chairs, writing table, writing materials, and the office, into which he was afterwards shown, equally well furnished. Instead of tin, the cases were made of the finest mahogany, the names of his aristocratic clients were emblazoned in gold letters upon them, the table and chairs were of mahogany covered with maroon-coloured leather, a gorgeous silver presentation inkstand stood in the centre, while, on a side table, appeared a cigar and liqueur case of the choicest materials.

Mr. Wishaw received Horace and his friend with all the dignity of Louis le Grand,

and here a brief description of this man of law may not be out of place.

He was a remarkably handsome man, of about fifty years of age, though, at the first sight, he might have passed for thirty. His hair, which was raven black, waved naturally; his forehead was high, displaying intellect of no mean order; his teeth were white, and, being close shaved, he still possessed more of a youthful appearance than was warranted by his years. His dress was, with one exception, faultless. His frock coat, his white waistcoat, his light-coloured, well-fitting trousers, his patent leather boots, and the red camelia in his button hole, would have passed muster before the critical eyes of a Beau Brummell, a D'Orsay, a Chesterfield, or any other exquisite dandy of by-gone days. The drawback was a bright red silk tie, fastened in front by a ring set with pearls, while his slim fingers displayed a hoop ring of diamonds and opals.

"Take a seat, gentlemen," said Mr. Wishaw; "and now to the business that has brought

you here. I understand, Mr. Stanton, that, like other young men, you have placed yourself in some difficulties as regards monetary affairs. Your property is, I believe—you will correct me if I am wrong—heavily mortgaged, and your liabilities are great. Some, unfortunately, with money-lenders of rather questionable character.”

“Such, unhappily, is the case,” responded Stanton, “but, from what my friend Rushton tells me, I have no doubt you will be able to set me straight.”

“I thank you for the compliment, which, I hope, is not undeserved. One stipulation alone I exact, which is, that you make a clean breast of it, and inform me of every liability. Like a medical man, I cannot hold out any hope of a cure if the disease is not laid open to me.”

“I faithfully promise that,” replied Horace

“It may accelerate matters if my confidential clerk, Mr. Blewitt, waits upon you. He is a thoroughly trustworthy man, and when once he reports the state of affairs to me, I



will personally attend to it." Applying his mouth to an ivory tube, Mr. Wishaw requested his trusty clerk to come to him. Shortly afterwards Mr. Blewitt made his appearance. He was an elderly man, with strongly marked features, at once suggesting cunning of the deepest hue. "Mr. Blewitt, you will be good enough to call upon Mr. Stanton to-morrow morning at 12 o'clock." Turning to Horace, he said, *sotto voce*, "I presume you are not an early riser?" and then continued, "Mr. Stanton is staying at Long's Hotel, and this evening I will draw out your instructions." The clerk made a bow, and left the room. "There is one difficulty to be got over, which will require much tact and consideration—I presume I may speak before Mr. Rushton?"—Horace, by a wave of the hand, assented—"though the subject is a delicate one. It has been rumoured—probably only a rumour—that in borrowing money, I think two thousand pounds, from Mr. Nathaniel Jacobs, he understood you were of age, and that some documents were given you to sign?"

---

"I was so near of age when the transaction took place," replied Stanton, "that I must frankly admit I led him to think I was a month older than I really was. The document I hardly looked over, as Mr. Jacobs told me it was a mere form."

"And are you still indebted to him?"

"Yes; the loan was two thousand pounds, but, what with the interest at fifty per cent., renewals, stamps, bills and legal expenses, I only received eight hundred pounds in cash, and a case of Havannah cigars."

"May I ask if many applications have been made to you to take up the bill?"

"No end of them, and the last was rather a disagreeable one, as it hinted at proceedings in the Central Criminal Court."

"That is rather unfortunate," drawled out Mr. Wishaw; "we must be armed at all points." Another message was sent through the tube, "Tell Higgins to give Sir Henry James and Serjeant Ballantyne a general retainer for Mr. Horace Stanton. Immediate."

And now let me offer you a glass of sherry or Madeira, or, if you prefer it, some Curaçao or Marasquino. Law is a dry subject."

After availing themselves of Mr. Wishaw's offer, they shook hands with him and took their leave.

A few days after the interview with Mr. Wishaw, a card of invitation to dinner from that gentleman for the 6th of January was delivered to Horace Stanton and his friend. It was dated from The Elms, Denmark Hill.

"Of course," said Horace, "this business will detain us in London for at least another fortnight, for Blewitt, though an excellent fellow, is one of the slow and sure order. I have written to Lord Hovingham to excuse us for the 6th, so we may as well accept Wishaw's invitation.

This wily lawyer had heard a rumour that there was a certain heiress, a daughter of Lord Hovingham's, to whom his new client had been paying marked attention, and he thought by inviting the two friends to dinner

he might extract from Rushton some particulars of the affair, which might be turned to good account.

The dinner consisted of eight persons, and was served on an octagon table, the party consisting of two eminent barristers, a briefless one, and two military clients. Everything was most *recherché*, the cooking faultless, the wine perfect, and, during the evening, the object of the host was fully carried out. He learnt from Rushton every particular as to how the affair stood between Miss Hovingham and Horace Stanton.

Horace now devoted his mornings to Mr. Blewitt, and was fully carrying out his promise of making a clean breast of it, when one morning at breakfast the waiter at Long's Hotel informed him that a person was waiting to see him on important business.

"I told him, sir, you were engaged, but he would take no denial."

"Perhaps you had better show him in."

"Why, sir," responded the other, who made a very shrewd guess as to the object of the

visitor, "he is not quite the party I should like to introduce into the coffee-room."

"Then I'll see him in the hall," responded Horace.

"Beg pardon, sir," proceeded the waiter, who was accustomed to such visitors, "I fancy he comes from Mr. Samuels, of Thavies Inn. If you like, sir, I'll say that you left this morning."

"Thank you much," responded Stanton, "but perhaps I had better see him and know the worst; if it is as I expect, he will hang about the door all day."

Certainly, Mr. Samuels' clerk, for it was no other personage, was not fit company for the aristocratic coffee-room of Long's, for a more ill-favoured Hebrew never existed. Handing a paper to Horace the man touched his hat and left the house.

It was a letter from Mr. Samuels informing him that proceedings would immediately be commenced in the Central Criminal Court, politely requesting Mr. Stanton to give the name of his attorney, to save all annoyance.

Fortunately at that moment Mr. Blewitt appeared, who, perusing the document, calmly remarked—

“I thought such would be the case.”


“We had better,” said Horace, “defer entering into the accounts until to-morrow. Pray return at once to Spring Gardens and consult with Mr. Wishaw as to what steps should be taken.”

This gentleman was fully prepared for this step, and had in a great degree provided against any evil result. He knew full well that although Jacobs might expose his client, that was not his object, and he felt certain that an offer of refunding the principal with ten per cent. interest would eagerly be accepted. But how to provide for that sum was a rather difficult question. All of a sudden a brilliant thought suggested itself, so acting upon that, he ordered a hansom cab and at once proceeded to Waterloo Station. In a few hours, and much to the surprise of Miss Hovingham, he appeared at Riversdale.

A telegram had preceded him saying that

---

Mr. Stanton's affair was going on satisfactorily, but that he had a communication to make to her of some importance, requesting that his proposed visit might not be made known for the present to Lord Hovingham. It so happened that his lordship had been summoned to attend the magisterial bench, many of his brother magistrates being absent during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Wishaw, on being announced, pointed out to Miss Hovingham, that understanding his youthful client might possibly form an intimate connection with the family, he had taken the liberty of waiting upon her in the hopes that through her influence his lordship might be induced temporarily to assist Mr. Stanton. That, although like many other young men, he had been imprudent, his character was unblemished, and that if eleven hundred pounds could be forthcoming, Mr. Stanton would be saved a very painful exposure, for unfortunately he had got into the hands of some most unscrupulous money-lenders, who would perjure themselves to gain their object.



"I dare not speak to my father on such a subject. And if I did I feel sure that on principle he would not be disposed to compromise so scandalous an affair as to buy off an extortionate money-lender."

"I have done my duty to my young friend as I am proud to call him, and must let things take their chance."

"One way alone I see of extricating Horace, I mean Mr. Stanton. Will you see my man of business Mr. Watson, who resides at Southampton, a few lines from me will explain my wishes. Do not think me uncourteous, but I expect my father home shortly. One promise I must exact which is that you will never repeat to a living soul the conversation of this afternoon; if Mr. Watson can carry out my wishes Mr. Stanton must ever remain in ignorance from whose hands the assistance came. The butler has prepared some refreshment in the morning room, I will order the carriage round in half an hour, by which time I shall have written the letter to my man of business. Again I



thank you for the trouble and interest you have taken in our mutual friend."

The result of the interview was perfectly satisfactory ; in eight-and-forty hours Mr. Jacobs was induced to give a receipt in full of all demands for money advanced and legal expenses, and the cloud that had overshadowed the young spendthrift was removed. So strong was the passion of gambling upon him, that the good resolutions made in the morning of never again touching a card or dice box were broken at night, and as Mr. Wishaw had authorised his client to draw upon him for a certain amount, and that amount being expended, Stanton had again recourse to a money-lender, who, to adopt the wording of his advertisements, advanced money on personal security at a very low rate of interest. So liabilities increased until at last Horace Stanton was informed that Henfield Manor House and the entire property must be sold. In order, too, to save any further processes he was advised to leave the country.



## CHAPTER XV.

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the personages who move and act in the shifting scenes of this our drama, we must not keep in the background one whose destiny is closely interwoven with the events which it is our task to record.

Sophia Clifford was the eldest daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Clifford, first cousin, on her father's side, to Lady Hovingham. Her father had served with distinction at the bombardment and fall of Acre, and had captured several slave ships on the coast of Africa. In the short period of eighteen months no less than fifteen vessels employed in that disgraceful traffic had struck their colours to his frigate.

Retiring upon half-pay, he purchased a residence near Southampton, where he lived in a state of comparative retirement in the bosom of a large but happy family. The sons, three in number, had made their way in the world in their respective professions, the Bar, the Army, and the Navy, while the four daughters, brought up under the fostering care of a pious mother, were content with the somewhat humdrum life they, from poverty, were compelled to live.

Let me introduce the family to my readers at their early meal at Marston Villa, as their rural abode was called. The breakfast table was set in full order at nine o'clock, prayers having been previously read. The fresh sunshine of April, which streamed in upon the exquisitely white damask table-cloth, and glittered upon the silver urn and tray, made the room look most cheerful and inviting.

"The train must be late," said the Admiral, "or Northam would have been here."

"I think I hear a carriage coming up the avenue," remarked Sophia, a slight blush

mantling her face. "Captain Northam's punctuality is proverbial."

Shortly afterwards the gallant officer was ushered into the room, and was warmly greeted by all.

"As usual," exclaimed Harry Northam, "the train was half-an-hour behind its time."

"Better late than never," chimed in the Admiral; "so sit down and let us hear how you left the Hovinghams."

"Quite well," he responded; "and that reminds me of a message your cousin Margaret gave me, which was that she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Clifford next Monday at Riversdale. Frank has consented to break through his hermit's life, and has invited a few friends to pass a fortnight with him. I am one of the chosen few."

Another blush came to Sophia's cheeks.

The new comer, Harry Northam, was the son of a gallant officer who had served with distinction in India. Young Harry, who was to have entered the profession of his father, unfortunately met with a severe accident at

Sandhurst, which entirely incapacitated him from entering the Army. Disdaining a slothful life, he had become private secretary to a member of the House of Lords. Through the death of this nobleman, Northam, at the time of our history, was passing an inactive life, but a legacy bequeathed to him by his patron, in addition to the small pittance left him by his father, enabled him to live comfortably, though not luxuriously.

Having introduced the visitor to our readers, let us return to the breakfast table of the Cliffords, where we will pause one moment and expatiate upon an English breakfast. I speak not of a public breakfast, for that is a profanation of the word. I mean an English country breakfast which unites the refinement of the present age with the good old customs of our ancestors. There is nothing like it in all the world. There is a purity and freshness in the first greetings of the morning in the look of all and everything about us. The slumber of night has subdued man's stormy passions, and woman—gentle woman—beams

with the light of heaven ; the rosy breath of morn plays upon her cheek, and tells us that guardian angels have watched her in sleep. There is a purity and freshness in the order of the table, the snowy damask, the steaming urn, the simple china, the polished glass, clear and sparkling as the crystal ice which cools the riches of the dairy, the perfume of the Mocha coffee ; and last, not least, the massive sideboard, the roast beef of old England towering in the centre, surrounded with other home-made produce. There is a peculiar charm in the daughters of our isle from the contrast they present to the rest of woman-kind ; and nowhere does that charm shine more conspicuously than during the morning meal.

What a contrast is a country breakfast to that wretched languid affair—of heavy eyes and aching limbs, nauseated palates and jaded spirits—a London breakfast during the season ; when the cups, that *ought* to cheer but not inebriate, are swallowed mechanically, the dainties even from the hands of a *cordon*

*bleu* are thrust away untasted, and brandy and soda (B. and S., as the fast young ladies call it) revives the drooping spirits; the statesman, worn out after the excitement of his speech, and a tedious night in the atmosphere of St. Stephen's; the gamester, broken down in health and fortune by his nocturnal orgies; the beauty, jaded in mind and body by her career of never-ceasing dissipation, will all bear witness that a London breakfast during the season is a joyless repast.

But to our breakfast. Harry Northam had placed himself by the side of Sophy Clifford, and had suggested an excursion to Netley Abbey, which being approved of by her, was put to the vote of the general company, and carried unanimously.

"I have written to secure a boat, which will be ready at the pier at twelve o'clock," said Northam.

"I will act as purser, and attend to the stores," exclaimed the Admiral.

"Charming, delightful; a pic-nic in the

fountain court, or refectory, will be perfect," chimed in all the young ladies.

"I have been reading up an account of it," proceeded Northam, "and find that Netley Abbey, formerly called Letley, or Pleasant Place, is supposed to have been founded by Henry III. Its inmates were of the Cistercian Order, and at the dissolution the possessions were valued at only one hundred pounds one shilling and eightpence per annum."

Everything was now arranged, and a stroll in the garden followed. From the hints we have dropped, the astute reader will have decided that Harry Northam was not insensible to the charms of Sophia Clifford, and that the feeling was reciprocated.

Sophy Clifford possessed accomplishments of no mean order. She was an excellent musician, with a fine soprano voice, in addition to which she was intellectual, but free from the pedantry of a *bas bleu*. Her figure was tall and commanding, "the mind, the music, breathing from her face."



Harry Northam, who was gifted with a rich tenor voice, often accompanied Sophia Clifford when she required a second in her songs. What species of intimacy is so irresistible as that formed over a pianoforte, when the songs sung together embody feelings to which the tongue dares not give utterance, and the music serves for that familiar interchange of looks and words which otherwise would not have been ventured upon. Both felt that there were insurmountable obstacles to their union—want of means.

Harry had, in addition to his legacy, a small allowance from his widowed mother, while Sophia was one of a large family, with a trifling pittance derived from her grandmother. There is a love which is as silent as it is deep; beautiful, as productive of ecstasy as of sorrow; which is striven against, prayed against, yet encircling itself around the heart-strings, that would break with agony ere it could be torn away! Such were the feelings that inspired both their breasts.

“In an hour,” exclaimed the Admiral, “I

shall pipe all hands on deck. The carriage will be at the door. We must be on board at 12 o'clock. Time and tide wait for no man."

"You must show me your new conservatory, Miss Clifford," said Harry Northam. "Lady Hovingham speaks in raptures of it."

Leisurely and silently they strolled side by side through an avenue of fine old elms, when of a sudden the lover exclaimed—

"Sophia—Miss Clifford, listen. Nay, do not turn away."

She held down her head, but did not speak, and Northam continued to walk by her side. "There is a subject," he proceeded, "dearest to my heart, upon which you must give me a moment's attention."

Sophia slowly turned her head, and for the first time gazed at the speaker; her countenance betrayed kindness, while she faintly murmured, "Do not, I entreat you, urge a subject that I dare not trust myself to think upon." Henry Northam's eye brightened.

“There is kindness in your words, Sophy—pardon me, Miss Clifford—for Heaven’s sake tell me—have my hopes been all in vain; dare I think you entertain the least regard for me?”

Sophia, unwilling that he should proceed further, interrupted him—“Nay, how can you doubt my regard. We will talk no more on the subject; brighter days may come—my father may recover his lost property—lost unfortunately in speculations—you know you have my—.” The deepening blush concluded the sentence in a look more eloquent than words.

“Heaven bless you!” said Northam, with a joyful smile. “Your words, your looks make amends for all the misery I have lately experienced. Brighter days may come. The appointment I told you of is still open.” Not another word was uttered; they walked on and joined the party, as they were about to sit down to their rural pic-nic.

Cowper, in a letter to Unwin, of July 29, 1781, thus writes:—“Yesterday se’nnight we all dined together in the Spinnie, a most


delightful retirement belonging to Mr. Throckmorton, of Weston. Lady Austen's lackey and a lad that waits on me in the garden, drove a wheelbarrow of eatables and drinkables to the scene of our *fête champêtre*. A board laid over the top of the wheelbarrow, served us for a table; our dining-room was a root-house, lined with moss and ivy.

"At six o'clock the servants, who had dined under a great elm upon the ground, at a little distance, boiled the kettle, and the said wheelbarrow served us for a tea-table. We then took a walk in the wilderness, about half a mile off, and were at home again a little after eight, having spent the day together from noon till evening, without one cross occurrence, or the least weariness of each other; a happiness few parties of pleasure can boast of."

The above description by the Poet Cowper seems to be an exception to the general rule, for in most cases the *désagréments* counterbalance the *agréments*. A pic-nic is suggestive of damp grass, damp plates, damp spirits,

and to achieve that most uncomfortable of all meals, we are to leave our substantial home, and all its comforts and luxuries, and for what? To sit on the wet turf, thus ensuring our deaths of cold, to be annoyed by buzzing flies and stung by wasps, for the gratification of eating a bad dinner, spread on a herby tablecloth, alive with insects, listening to the exclamations between every tough morsel—"How charming! How delightfully rural!"

Here I would digress for the purpose of offering my readers a word of useful advice, which is, that upon all occasions—whether pic-nics, visits to the Zoological Gardens, horticultural or archery fêtes, British Museum or National Gallery, Polytechnic, Society of Arts, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood races, Greenwich or Richmond dinners, Lords' or Princes' Cricket Grounds, Hurlingham, or the Orleans Club, and other metropolitan and suburban sights—they adopt the plan of "pairing off" at first setting out; for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it will happen, either because



you do not think it civil to change, or because some busybody, prim old maid, or precise elderly bachelor of the party, makes it her or his office to keep every one in their place—that as you begin so you will end. Let me leave it to my readers to say how many parties of pleasure have been marred through want of arrangement!

But to our pic-nic. The party having alighted from the boat, proceeded to the ruins of the venerable abbey. The Admiral led the way, his wife leaning on his arm, and Sophia walked behind them in the rugged path for a few steps alone. Northam, however, was close behind her; a single step in advance brought him to her side; when he offered his arm it was accepted. How involuntarily, how perfectly, without intention or design, do the steps of those, feeling as they felt, linger behind the rest of the party! Yet no word was spoken that the world might not have heard; the light arm that hung upon his received no pressure that the most jealous eye could

discern, yet each felt that they were together, and alone; and this consciousness was of itself sufficient happiness. Ascending by a narrow path, the hill rising from the Southampton Water, covered with wood, most advantageously disposed to give the effect to the scene, they reached this ancient religious institution. The principal parts of the ruin consist of the fountain court, the refectory, the pantry and kitchen, a large vaulted room with a curious fireplace, opposite to which is a subterraneous passage supposed to lead to the fort; the chapel house and the abbey church, with its beautiful eastern window, all of which being deeply interesting attracted the attention of the party.





## CHAPTER XVI.

She was a phantom of delight,  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament.  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair,  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time's earliest brightest dawn.  
A dancing shape, an image gay—  
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

WORDSWORTH.

WE have dwelt so much upon Margaret Charleville that we have hitherto not touched upon the character of her elder sister. Mary Charleville had a most commanding figure, a most expressive face, and in a *tableau* would have personated "Norma," "Semiramide," or "Volumnia" to perfection. As a musician she was highly gifted, possessing a splendid contralto voice ; and as an instrumentalist upon the pianoforte or organ was unequalled.



The last-mentioned talent had been of great service to the Rector, as she for years presided over the organ of his church. Immured as the daughters were, and only mixing with what are termed serious people, Mary had little chance of meeting with any one to whom she could give her heart. It however happened that, when on a visit to Sir Harold Lester at Greystone Abbey, in Worcestershire, she met a young nobleman who soon found favour in her eyes. He was a younger son and a widower, with only one son. In early life he had been in the army, and was at the head of the list of lieutenants for purchase, when his father died. To his great dismay, he heard that through sundry bad speculations, Lord Wittingham had expended the bulk of his fortune, and that the remainder was entailed on the elder son; his mother would have her marriage settlement of twelve hundred a year, and that a fourth of that sum was all his portion. As in those days the system of purchasing commissions was carried on, the young lieutenant

---

felt that all hopes of obtaining his company were destroyed, and as his mother was in a most desponding state, both in mind and body—for she had looked forward to her son emulating his father's deeds in the army—Lord Albert made up his mind to realise the value of his commission, and henceforward devote himself to his bereaved parent. Fortunately a small freehold cottage had not fallen into the hands of the grasping creditors, and there the Dowager Lady Wittingham and her son resided in comparative peace and quiet. Albert Wittingham, upon retiring from the army, turned his mind to literary pursuits; his first attempt, "Reminiscences of a Subaltern," was a failure, inasmuch as it was civilly rejected, as were many other attempts, by the publishers of the day. He was, however, consoled by the knowledge that Smollett, whose rich genius composed the most original pictures of human life, perished in a foreign land, neglected by an admiring public. His life was a succession of vexations, struggles, and disappointments;

---

he knew that Burns' "Justice" was sold for a trifle; that Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was disposed of in the hour of distress; that "Evelina" only produced five guineas, as did "Paradise Lost;" that "The Rejected Addresses" were rejected by all the London publishers and booksellers, and were finally given away for a few pounds; that Milton's children and Burns' family received alms from the public; still he did not anathematise the publishers as many authors do, nor did he endorse the sentiments of Nash and Carey.

The former writes—"How many base men that wanted those parts I had, enjoyed content at will and had wealth at command, yet I am a beggar; men of talent are preyed upon by cormorant publishers, or robbed by sharkish booksellers."

Carey remarks—

The sellers must be abject slaves  
The buyers vile designing knaves.

After a time Wittingham made a literary

hit in an article upon India, which appeared in a popular magazine; from that moment fortune favoured him. He became a constant contributor to magazines and journals, thus realising a handsome income. To adopt his own phrase, he was a man

Who, when he placed his hat upon his pate,  
Clapp'd a ring fence about his whole estate.


Mr. Charleville having been urged to exchange duties with a London incumbent had agreed so to do, and had taken possession of the house belonging to his brother clergyman in Ovington Square. Previous to this Albert Wittingham had met Miss Charleville, as we have already said, at Greystock Abbey, and the acquaintance was renewed when the Lesters came to London for the season.

In the secluded manner the Charleville's lived it was a great relief to Miss Charleville to associate with a man of the world, one who had served his country with distinction, had visited almost all the capitals of Europe, had passed a few years in Canada, and was

of a literary turn of mind. No wonder then that "he came, he saw," and hoped "to conquer," after a time. Albert Wittingham, feeling that Mary Charleville took an interest in him, briefly ran over the different events of his life, and found a ready listener, for like the soldier who woo'd the miller's daughter on the banks of Allan Water, a

Winning tongue had he.

The more Albert Wittingham saw of Mary Charleville the more did he admire the amiable sweetness of her disposition, the playful gaiety of her temper, and the unaffected superiority of her judgment and understanding. Few young ladies 'of her age possessed so much information. He did not know many who were so highly accomplished, yet he had never before met with any one who was so perfectly natural and unpretending. He found her at all times a most delightful companion, and he anticipated with much satisfaction the pride he should feel in introducing her to his relatives.



He was greatly struck with the kindness of her manner to the poor; he had accompanied her in visiting some cottages in the village and the neighbourhood of Greystock Abbey, and the affection with which she was received gave the clearest evidence of those deeds of active goodness and charity which she carefully endeavoured to conceal from all the world. Albert Wittingham was devoted to music, and he found that Mary Charleville thoroughly loved music, and fully appreciated the eulogiums that have been paid to it by poets of past and modern times. In discussing the question with Albert Wittingham she fully concurred in the following remarks which he had met with in some old work, to which the author's name was not given :—

“Music, in its common application, is considered merely as an entertainment; when bad it disgusts, when good it creates sensations unknown from other sources; and if it reach the sublime, our feelings are more powerfully excited than from the utmost per-

fection that poetry alone or painting has yet attained.

“With the latter music cannot be connected; but when joined, or, as Milton phrases it, ‘wedded’ with poetry, it reaches the highest pitch of excellence, and soars an height, which, disjoined from its powerful ally, was impossible to be obtained.”

Mary Charleville was unlike many performers on the pianoforte, who seem anxious to produce sounds that strike the ear, but have little ambition of moving the heart. When there is nothing in music but mere harmony it loses its most essential quality, it becomes a mechanical art; it dazzles, but cannot affect the mind. This is a reflection which many modern performers never make. Charmed with the trick they have of uniting sounds that seem not to be made for each other they seek for nothing more. The design of music is to excite pleasing sensations in the mind, and of accomplishing this music is greatly capable. The tones are alone sufficient to affect the heart with the

---

sensation of joy, tenderness, love, grief, rage and despair. In order to do this it is necessary to invent some simple melody that is able to express such passion or sentiments, to sustain that passion or sentiment throughout the whole piece, to prepare the hearers by degrees for the principal action; and, lastly, to give that principal action all the force of which it is susceptible. It is necessary, for example, to comprehend a composer's meaning when he begins a piece of music with a quick unison, which is followed by a tumultuous passage performed principally by the bass, and which, in the midst of the greatest tumult is sometimes suddenly interrupted by a general pause; and the whole piece, perhaps, ends abruptly, when it was least expected. It is easy to perceive that he there means to express the passion of rage. The pleasing sentiments are more easily expressed, and more readily conveyed to the human heart. It is not in performing difficulties that the beauty consists, it is sentiment or passion that the instru-



mentalist should at all times consult. That music has little merit where we only admire the execution of the performer.

It will not surprise the reader to hear that Albert Wittingham was desperately in love with Mary Charleville, and after a time gained her consent to address her father on the subject. Great was his dismay when he received a reply worded in the most courteous terms, but declining his sanction to the marriage on the ground of his not having, by his own candid avowal, sufficient means to provide for the future. Here let me digress.

How true are many of the remarks of a clever writer of his day, who says:—

“In modern England there seem to be two prevailing sentiments or passions actuating more or less every state of which it is composed. One of these takes its rise in a very different period ; it is a feeling of pride, than which none seems more natural to the human heart, arising from illustrious descent ; the other is of a later date, depends upon com-

---

merce, it is also a feeling of pride, arising from great possessions. It appears that the due balance of these two sentiments is most intimately connected with the happiness and prosperity of countries. Where family pride reigns, to the exclusion of the other, weakness and degradation seem to follow, as in Spain, where the pride of wealth has the same excess, we see the same consequences as in Holland. England was once miserably subjugated to its nobles. Commerce gave it liberty and happiness and grandeur. It is now apparent that this commerce requires a check in its turn. Wealth is increasing beyond calculation, almost the only title to consequence is opulence.

“In comparing these two passions in their excess, I do not hesitate to give the preference to rank. When the pride of wealth predominates, our clothes are well manufactured, our food is luxurious, our houses are spacious; to balance these advantages, literature is disregarded, the manners become vulgar, and the morals are not only vicious,

but gross ; the spirits of men grow dull and heavy, they shrink from exertion, they fall into the worst of slavery, in losing even the wish to be free ; and may it not be said of this passion that while it degrades inferior men it is dangerous to the best.

“ On the other hand the natural concomitants of the pride of family are a spirit of honour, refinement of manners, a delicate respect for sex, purity of morals ; it is hostile to liberty, but it does not render the mind incapable of exertion, or destroy its elasticity, it frequently makes common men ridiculous, but where it meets one of higher bearing it discovers itself in the patronage of literature, the relief of distress, hospitality to strangers, a lofty superiority to fortune ; it is thus, as it were, a second conscience, and feels no shock but in dishonour.”

Now we are far from endorsing all the above sentiments though there can be no doubt that wealth in the present day is the most potent title to consequence.

To return to Albert Wittingham. The

answer he received from Mr. Charleville overwhelmed him. He wrote to Mary Charleville, he supplicated her to grant him a last interview ; he painted to her, in heart-rending terms, the despair and misery which her father's cruel determination had plunged him in.

During a great part of the day he vainly expected an answer. Her silence did not succeed in calming his inexpressible suffering, and he determined the next day to brave every difficulty and seek an interview, so as to hear from her own lips his future destiny. In the evening some lines were brought to him ; they were kind and affectionate, conveying an expression of regret and sadness. But she persisted in her resolution of taking no step without her father's sanction. Albert sought her the following day ; she had gone to her sister's house in the country. He remained immoveable at her door in vain hoping that she might return. His memory retraced the happy moments he had passed in her society. Till that moment he had no conception of the

violent, the insuperable grief which tore his heart.

In this way passed several days. He was equally incapable of amusement and of study. He wandered incessantly before the door of Mary's house in the hopes of meeting her, but in vain. Hearing from a servant that she was likely to remain at Riversdale for at least a fortnight, Albert, determined to proceed to the neighbourhood and carry his project into immediate execution, arrived at a small inn within a few miles of the house. Disappointment awaited him the first day, as when watching near the lodge he saw the carriage drive through with the Hovinghams and Mary Charleville. The next morning he was more fortunate, for Lord and Lady Hovingham were seen approaching on horseback. The coast then being clear, he entered the ground through a side entrance, and remained hid behind a tree, from which he could command a view of the house. Here he remained for at least an hour fearful that the Hovinghams would return; his patience

was, however, rewarded, for shortly after Mary approached. When she saw him, terror blended with affection, was depicted in her countenance.

"How could you venture here?" she exclaimed. "Frank would be furious, as he has done all he can to prevent my seeing you. Margaret is most kind."

"Time is flying fast. Promise to meet me near the lodge to-morrow; I will be there from twelve to two, and again from three till five." Mary seemed to hesitate. "If," continued Albert, "you do not promise to meet me to-morrow, I depart this instant; I abandon my country, my family, and my friends. I go, no matter where, to eke out an existence, rendered miserable without thee."

"Albert," she replied; still she hesitated, when Wittingham made a movement to retire. "Stay, I will meet you to-morrow soon after twelve. Frank has to attend the bench; Margaret, who warmly espouses your cause, will accompany me. I hear the horses in the avenue; farewell!"

Albert passed the night without closing his eyes, and at the appointed hour on the following morning met the two sisters, who greeted him most cordially. Lovers' conversations can only be interesting to those principally concerned; suffice it then to say that before parting they plighted their faith; Mary was to make a final appeal to her father, and in candour told Albert that independent of the feeling regarding money affairs—which she thought little of, and might be got over—Mr. Charleville objected to her marrying any one whose religious views were not in strict accordance with his.

Upon Mary's return home Mr. Charleville reluctantly agreed to permit Albert to have a brief interview with his daughter.

"Mary, my beloved," said Albert, "you are not angry with me for seeking an interview?"

"No," said the weeping girl, "I cannot disobey and grieve my dear father; all I fear is that I add to your misery by seeing you for the last time."

---

"Do not say so. Let us keep true to each other. In a month you will be of age, and you can marry as you please."

"That would equally grieve him."

"Mary, you do not think of my grief."

"I do, I do, but do not urge me to disobey."

"My own dear love, what right has your father to make two people miserable for life?"

"Do not blame him, dearest Albert, right or wrong he is only actuated by what he thinks best for my happiness."

"Forgive me, Mary, I was wrong. But are his objections so strong that they can never be got over?"

"I fear they are. You know how strict his notions of religion are, what a dread he has of what are termed men of the world, and though he speaks most kindly of you, and hopes that the day will come when you will sacrifice worldly vanities for higher aspirations, his mind is, I fear, made up not to sanction our marriage."



“I know I have faults, and that I have led a wild life, but you, my guardian angel, would reform me.”

“Albert, I will, through my mother, make one more appeal to my father. Already I have her consent. She has formed a very high opinion of you, and come what may nothing shall ever lessen—ought I to say the word—the love I bear towards you.”

“Thanks, beloved, accept then this ring, with which I pledge my faith to thee.”

Mary was happy, happier than she had ever been since the day she first met Wittingham, and before they parted mutual vows of eternal constancy were exchanged. The perfect understanding that now subsisted between the two lovers was a thing that no tempest could shake, and no treason undermine.

In answer to Mary's appeal, she received the following letter:—

“MY DEAREST CHILD,

“You have often heard me express my sentiments generally on marriage. I have now to speak of it as relates to yourself.

My affection for you led me to hope that the object of your choice would be one that I could love as a son. To such a one, it would give your mother and myself real happiness to see you united; but where is he to be found? I fear not in Lord Albert Wittingham, who, without wishing to be uncharitable, does not entertain those religious views which I have attempted, and, I believe, with success, to have inculcated in your breast. There are two other considerations, which, compared with the above, are trifling; still they are objections—disparity of years, and want of sufficient income. Competence, my darling Mary, is indispensable to a happy marriage; you have it not, neither has Lord Albert. Still I do not bid you to refuse his offer; all I ask is that you will carefully lay to heart all I have said, and, whatever may be the result, I shall have the inward satisfaction of knowing that I have done my duty to a beloved child.

“Ever your most affectionate father,

“JOHN CHARLEVILLE.”

This was followed up by an interview with her mother, who, in the most affectionate manner, thus addressed her daughter:—

“I need not tell you, my dear Mary, that the first object of my heart, and of your father’s, is the happiness of our children. You cannot fail to observe it in all we do and say. You are now arrived at a period of life when, if you are not put upon your guard, you may be unexpectedly involved in misery.”

“I know what you mean, dear mother, and I am upon my guard.”

“With Lord Albert Wittingham, from all I have seen and heard of him, I am much prepossessed in his favour; at the same time, there are objections which your father thinks are insuperable. In the first place, amiable and worthy as he is deemed to be by what is called the fashionable world, his ideas of religion are far different from those you have been brought up in; in the next, he is your senior by some years; and, in the third, although we do not look for riches, a sufficient income to enable you to keep up the position you will hold in society, and a competent

provision in the event of his death, are absolutely necessary to render marriage happy."

"Dearest mother, I have carefully weighed all these objections in my mind, and have come to the conclusion that they are over-balanced by the affection he bears for me."

"Consider well what I have said to you," responded Mrs. Charleville. "Take no rash step. I should be deeply grieved if any act of yours caused grief to your father."

"Never could I willingly give you or my father any pain. My great object in life is to see you both happy. I promise you faithfully that I will ponder over all you have said, though I should be uncandid if I gave you hope that my feelings towards Lord Albert would be changed."

Another appeal was made to the Rector, which brought forth the following answer:—

"DEAREST CHILD,

"We are fond, but not selfish, parents. If your happiness depends upon your marriage with Lord Albert Wittingham, we withdraw all opposition. My fondest prayer has

been to see you united to one worthy of you, one who knows your value. May this, the completion of my earthly hopes, be fulfilled. Your mother sends her love.

“Ever your affectionate father,

“JOHN CHARLEVILLE.”

A letter from Mary Charleville to Albert Wittingham, conveying the above blissful news, at once brought him to the house, when his first object was to see Mr. Charleville, to thank him for his consideration, and to pledge himself to do all in his power to make himself worthy of his daughter. His interview with his affianced may be passed over; suffice it to say never was there a happier mortal than Mary Charleville, who felt conscious that she had chosen wisely, and that days of happiness were in store, if her husband was only spared to her. In the innocence of her heart, she thought that all the troubles of her life were over, and that henceforward pure and tranquil happiness would await her. Her devotion to Albert

Wittingham was so intense, that she felt no worldly affliction could lessen their love for each other, and that death alone could sever the tie of mutual affection. Whether such anticipations were realised, time alone will show.

The day of Mary Charleville's marriage dawned at last, and never were there two happier beings than those, who, in a few hours, were to be united till death did them part. Albert loved her with no common love ; it was a deeper feeling than it is often woman's fate to be loved with, and that feeling found a response in Mary's heart. The service began, the church was crowded to excess, not only with invited guests, but by those whom curiosity had brought. An air of solemnity prevailed amongst them all as the tones of Mr. Charleville's deep and touching voice fell upon their ears. Margaret, who knelt near her sister, could not restrain her tears, and when Albert uttered the words to take her "for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health,

till death should them part," she sobbed aloud, which called forth from her husband a grave and a *sotto voce* remark, that "we shall attract the attention of all."

The breakfast which took place after the ceremony need not be described. There were the usual number of toasts and speeches, and the happy pair drove away to pass their honeymoon at Tunbridge Wells, amidst a shower of rice and old slippers.





## CHAPTER XVII.

Unquiet meals do make ill digestions.

SHAKESPEARE.

I MUST not forget Charley Chesterford, who was not unlike the man immortalised by Martial in the following lines :—

Jack boasts he never dines at home,  
With reason, too, no doubt ;  
In truth, Jack never dines at all  
Unless invited out.

Though more of a diner out than dinner giver, our hero thought it would be good policy to invite a certain number of his friends to dine with him at his lodgings, of which he occupied two rooms on the ground floor. It, however, happened that the occupants of the drawing-room floor had recently left ; and, as the principal room was let to a dentist, Mr. Rockdale, who only occupied it



during the day, by a present to the landlady and an assurance that the party he was about to invite were the *crème* of fashion, and would probably forward her views by recommending her apartments, she consented to place the whole of her house at his disposal for the occasion.

Charley selected a Wednesday, knowing that day was the one, owing to Parliament not sitting, when most large dinners were given.

There was some little difficulty in making out his list; that once accomplished, he secured Mr. Merrington, an Australian millionaire, his wife, and only daughter, who was one of the greatest heiresses of the day. He then wrote other invitations, all worded in a way likely to attract those he addressed.

"Quite a small party," he wrote to one; "but you will probably meet Lord and Lady Mountrassar." To another, "The worthy member for Ratsborough, who I think might be of some service in bringing Freshford's case before the House of Commons;" to a

third, "Firebrace dines with me; he has tolerably good interest at the Horse Guards, and though the Field Marshal sets his face against anything in the shape of a job, the General might forward your nephew's claim, who has done himself so much credit at the Staff College;" to a fourth he said, "The great Mr. Merrington, his wife and daughter—the latter an heiress—dine with me." To the ladies he wrote, "Count and Countess Zinzendorff will honour me with their company. She is the reigning *belle* and favourite at Vienna, and is likely to be the star of fashion of the London season."

Chesterford's great object was to secure the attendance of a brilliant essayist and wit, without whom no dinner party was perfect. Knowing his love for an apician feast, he addressed him as follows:—

"DEAR WARRINGTON—

"Count and Countess Zinzendorff dine with me next Wednesday week; excuse a short invitation and meet them.

At Vienna he keeps the most exquisite table, his cook is first-rate, and as for his wines they are faultless. You who have written so delightfully upon *la science du gueule* ought to attend one of his apician feasts at Vienna, where you will find rarities from all parts of the globe. Tarapin and Beche de Mer soups, stewed lampreys from England, water zuchy from a receipt of Marshal D'Auverquerque's Dutch cook, canvas back ducks from America, buffalo's humps from the Prairies, hams from Spain, turkeys stuffed with turtles from Paris, and every luxury that money can produce.

“Of course you know the story of his namesake, Louis Count Zinzendorff, who rose gradually to the elevated station of Chancellor of the Court, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, and who was as famed for his gastronomical knowledge as he was for his profound political abilities. On his public days there was an half hour when this *bon vivant* was alto-

---

gether inaccessible, and with respect to his employment during that period there was a variety of deep as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner ventured to solve the mystery, and by a gratuity to one of his servants, was placed in a closet between the room where the Count was and the chamber of audience, where he beheld the following scene:—The Count, seated in an elbow chair, was attended by a domestic servant, who handed him a silver salver, on which was a tumbler of water and several small pieces of bread. His Excellency then called for his *chef de cuisine*, who held in his hand a number of vessels filled with different kinds of sauces and gravies, and tucking his napkin into his cravat, first gargled his mouth. He then proceeded to dip a piece of bread into each kind of sauce, and having tasted with much deliberation, rinsing his palate (to avoid confusion) after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all.

“Now, my dear Warrington, there’s a

---

‘wrinkle’ for you ; and if you insert the anecdote in your next book, don’t forget to send me a copy. We dine at eight sharp.

“ Yours ever and truly,

“ CHARLEY CHESTERFORD.”

Out of five-and-thirty invitations sent out, only fifteen accepted ; these included the Count and Countess Zinzendorff ; Lord and Lady Edward Belmont (her ladyship being of humble birth, was in rapture at the idea of meeting the Countess Zinzendorff) ; Sir Eustace, Lady and Miss Underwood (the worthy baronet who was caught by the hopes of meeting General Firebrace, his nephew being anxious to be employed in foreign service) ; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Merrington, Mrs. and Miss Wybrow, General Firebrace, Mr. Warrington, Captain Selwyn, who had nibbled at the bait of the heiress. Many who declined the dinner invitation in consequence of previous engagements, said they would if possible join the party after dinner.

For a whole week Chesterford devoted himself to ordering his dinner, fruits and flowers, selecting his wine, hiring plate, glass and seats, securing the services of half-a-dozen waiters to attend his dinner and *soirée*. Mrs. Dobbs, the landlady, suggested that her cook, who she described as an excellent plain cook—the plainness was not confined to her culinary talent—should attend to the broiling and roasting of the fish and joints, leaving the “kickshaws,” as she called them, to some foreigneering pastry cook.

This was accordingly arranged, and a splendid salmon and haunch of venison were ordered from Grove’s, Monsieur Ferracino engaging to furnish the remainder of the dinner; soups, dressed fish, fowls, *entrées*, *entremêts*, sweets, ices, and liqueurs, for which he received a *carte blanche*.

The morning arrived, and with it furniture dealers, bringing seats; women from Covent Garden Market, laden with shrubs, exotics, and cut flowers; and the fishmonger’s cart with the Wenham Lake ice. The haunch

and salmon arrived, and the kitchen was what Mrs. Dobbs termed "tidied."

Mr. Rockdale came, as usual, punctually to his time; but we pass over the scenes that took place in his "Chamber of Horrors." Suffice it to say that he left at four o'clock, which gave ample time to stow away his huge arm-chair (from which many a groan had been uttered), to place a screen before his table, on which appeared his brightly polished instruments, to hide the small mahogany washing stand in the operating room, and remove some odd volumes of "All the Year Round," two or three tattered and torn copies of *Punch*, an old *Illustrated London News*, the annual printed report of the Dental Hospital, a "Bradshaw," much defaced, and a copy of the "Family Herald," from a small ante-room called the waiting-room.

The day was unusually hot, and the cook, Mrs. Comyns, was very much out of humour. She had been scolded by her "missus" for not having the saucepans properly cleaned.

Moreover, a hole in the "biler" had inundated the kitchen, just after she had strewed it with sand, and the butcher's boy had been very "imperent" when she found fault with him for not having brought the shoulder of mutton for her and the housemaid's dinner. To add to all the above annoyances, the chimney began to smoke, and a volley of imprecations were fired away at the "chimbly" sweeper for not having come early in the morning, as he was "h'obligated to do." To smooth her ruffled temper, Jane Stowell, the housemaid, suggested a small glass of cordial, which was duly administered from a bottle of kitchen brandy.

"Here's a pretty to do," exclaimed Mrs. Comyns, as she and the other maids sat down to dinner. "Nothing but finding fault. Od rat it, if missus had half the work to do I have, she would not put upon me in the way she does."

"Nor more she would," answered Jane Stowell, "and she's been at me this morning for not keeping the stairs clean; how could



she expect it, with a parcel of fellers with dirty boots bringing chairs and seats into the drawing-room?"

"And didn't she give me a bit of her mind," chimed in Sarah Dale, the parlour-maid, "when that old bit of china came to pieces in my hand?"

"Then to think that the butcher should have failed to bring the shoulder of mutton. I've had the trouble of preparing the onion sauce, and we've nothing for dinner but the remnants of this brisket of beef, American beef I believe, Sarah."

"A little hot brandy and water, Mrs. Comyns, will do you good," responded Sarah.

The bottle was brought, the bell rang for the maids, and the cook was left alone in her glory. Shortly after one of the waiters was announced.

"Is that you, Mr. Ballard?" said the cook, "we've prepared Mr. Rockdale's waiting room for you. Let me show you the way to it."

Upon entering it they found a goodly array of bottles.

"The champagne must immediately be placed in ice," said the new comer.

"Why that tub won't do, it's leaking all ready, Sarah Dale," shouted the cook, "bring down the two tin baths out of the second floor bedrooms. Here's a nice mess, we shall have the water finding its way into my store cupboard."

The sherry and Madeira and port and claret were duly decanted.

"And what are those pint bottles?" asked Mrs. Comyns.

"Curaçoa, maraquino, and liqueur brandy," responded the waiter.

"What queer names, I should just like to taste 'em, merely for the taste."

The bottles were opened and duly tasted.

"I see," said the cook, "there are two pints of brandy, I'm quite out of it in the kitchen, so I had better take one down-stairs."

With this she departed, to commence her

day's work. Six o'clock struck when a small cart was driven up to the door, containing a considerable quantity of saucepans, stew pans, tin and wooded cases containing the luxuries Monsieur Ferracino had provided.

"Ou'il tuo Padrone? I 'ave a lettera for 'im?" asked an Italian cook.

"What gibberish is that Mounseer?" exclaimed Mrs. Comyns, as she got up not very steadily from her chair. "I'll have none of your foreigneering chaps in my kitchen; bundle off," With this she rose and rushing against the tray which a boy was bringing in, upset the whole contents on the sanded floor. There was a jar of turtle smashed to pieces on the hearthstone, there were the red mullets in their paper envelopes under the kitchen table, there the larks beautifully trussed, were scattered on the floor.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" exclaimed Charley Chesterford, as he entered the kitchen and saw the *débris*. "Mrs. Comyns, what has happened?"

"Please, sir," answered Sarah Dale, "Mrs. Comyns was taken ill with the heat of the fire, and was obliged to take a little drop of brandy to revive her."

"A little drop," said Charley, "there's not much left in either of these bottles."

"Oh, sir, she used some of the big bottle for our missus's soup," replied the maid of all work, "and as she wasn't well she asked me to attend to the joint; see how nicely its roasting, and the fish is already for biling."

In the meantime, the cook had again seated herself, and was in a state of stupified drowsiness, when a loud ringing of the bell was heard, and shortly after another tray was brought in. Suddenly rousing herself, she rushed at the bearer of it, and again upset the tray, scattering the contents—jellies, creams, tarts, iced puddings—over the floor.

"Send for a police-constable," shouted Mrs. Dobbs, who now entered the room, "I'm ashamed of you, you drunken hussey."

"P'lice indeed, send for the p'lice; who'd

have thought it? But I'll not stir without my wages. No, that I won't."

"You had better come quietly with me," said Police-constable Z, 150.

"I'll not stir without my quarter's wages, and a month for sending me away without warning, three pund ten and one pound three and fourpence makes—makes—"

"Come, my good woman, whatever is due will be sent to you," said the constable.

"I'll not budge."

"Then I must make you. I don't wish to use any compulsion, but you must come with me."

After a struggle or two, amidst many imprecations and threats of the County Court to see her righted, Mrs. Comyns was led away.

"Now Sarah, now Jane, help to see things put right, and I'll make you a present of a sovereign each."

With the aid of Mrs. Dobbs, the Italian cook, and the two females, a remnant of the feast was recovered.

"Could we not have some more dishes from Ferracino's?"

"*Credo di no*," responded the Italian artist, shrugging up his shoulders, "Monsieur Ferracino has so many dinners to attend to, it would be impossible. Oh, the *quaglies* are spoilt," he groaned as he looked down with dismay at the quails on the sanded floor.

At a little before eight the party began to arrive, and then commenced the Amphitryon's annoyances. Count and Countess Zinzendorff were announced as Count and Countess Zingendof, Lord and Lady Edward Belmont as Lord and Lady Belmont, thus converting, as is too often done, a younger son into a peer; the other names were tolerably well given, except that an additional H was given to the Underwoods, who were ushered in as Sir Heustace, Lady, and Miss Hunderwood.

Dining under difficulties is never very pleasant, and certainly Chesterford's dinner was not free from them. There was a slight taste of smoke about the soup, the salmon

was over boiled, the paper envelopes on the *Rougets en Cardinal* had particles of sand clinging to them, the unfortunate *quaglies* were few in number, many having been deemed unfit to appear at table, the haunch of venison was over roasted, the broken currant jelly pot had not been replaced; to the horror of General Firebrace a black beetle had found its way into the *fricandeau a l'oseille*, and to wind up this chapter of accidents Warrington was very nearly devouring a piece of cinder, instead of a truffle in a *vol au vent aux truffes*. The champagne being well iced, the little disagreements were overlooked, and as the dessert had not been damaged, and fresh ices had been furnished, everything for a time after the removal of the dishes went well. Warrington was in the midst of one of his best stories, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Your friends are arriving early," said the Countess, "shall we retire?"

"Oh, no," responded Chesterford, "I heard no carriage. It is some one who has

made a mistake, and come to the wrong house."

A slight altercation was now heard in the passage, in which Mrs. Dobbs' voice took a prominent part.

"You can't go in, sir," she said. "The room's all in a mess."

"I must," responded the intruder. "I left my pocket-book in the drawer of my table."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Rockford opened the door, and walked abruptly into the room in his morning dress, somewhat splashed in his ride from Richmond.

Charley started up from his seat, and in a hurried tone said—

"Glad to see you, Mr. Rockford. Pray be seated. I'll explain all to-morrow. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Rockford, from Brooklyn, New York."

"Thank you, Mr. Chesterford, I will see you to-morrow. My business now is to get my pocket-book from the drawer of my table."

---



Passing hurriedly along the room, he approached the screen, which an officious waiter, in pulling aside, brought to the ground, disclosing all the paraphernalia of a dentist's room, already described.

"I guess my instruments are spoilt," said he. "A bottle of champagne has burst, and I shall never be able to use them again. This bottle of champagne has evidently been secreted away by one of the 'helps,' and who knows, that he may not have purloined my best pincers? Well, my pocket-book is safe, so I wish you ladies and gentlemen good night. Mr. Chesterford, I hope to see you in the morning,"

The *debris* in the kitchen was not half so terrible as the disclosure in the dining-room, for there had been no time to "tidy" Mr. Rockford's things; but a veil must be thrown over the horrors they disclosed.

The rest of the dinner passed off dully; it was too melancholy an affair to make it a subject for a joke. Those that formed the dinner-party made excuses for leaving early;

many that had promised to come in the evening did not put in an appearance, and Charley Chesterford was left to amuse some dozen persons who had come expressly to see the Vienna Count and Countess, and who were not a little disappointed to find they had left.

On the following morning Mr. Rockford put in a claim for damaged instruments. Thus ended Charley Chesterford's dinner party.

On making up his accounts, he found on the debtor's side—for dinner, flowers, waiters, hire of plate, linen and seats—thirty-eight pounds; on the creditor's side—advantage gained—“*nil*.”

Warrington wrote a description of the dinner to a friend, “strictly confidential;” but which, of course, was read aloud to a large party at White's, and repeated at the Travellers' and other Clubs—

Je sors du chez un fat qui, pour m'empoisonner,  
Je pense expres chez lui, ma forcé de dinèr;  
Je l'avais bien prévu—Depuis près d'une année,  
J'eludais tons le jours sa poursuite obstinée

Mais hier il m'aborde, et, me serrant la main.  
" Ah, Monsieur! m'a-t-il dit, je vous attend demain "  
Ny, manquez pas au moins. J'ai quatorze bouteilles  
D'un vin vieux.

. . . . Sednit par sa vaine promesse  
J'y cours huit heure sonnant  
A peine étais—je entré, que ravi de me, voir,  
Mon homme, en m'embrassant, m'est venu recevoir  
On s'assied, mais d'abord notre troupe serrée  
Tenait à peine autour d'un table carée.  
On chacun, malgré soi, l'un sur l'autre porte—  
Faisait un tour à gauche, et mangeait de côté.  
Jugez en cet état si j'i pouvais me plaire  
Moi qui ne compte rien ni le vin! ni la chère.  
. , . . Pour comble de disgrâce  
Par le chaud qu'il faisait, nous navions point de glace,  
Point de glace—ma foi! dans le fort de l'été  
Au mois de Juin.

END OF VOL. I.



